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Nox Illuminis 1948



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VOX FLUMINIS
RIVERBEND SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WINNIPEG, CANADA



MISS MARY MATHERS

To

MISS MARY MATHERS

*the 1948 Edition of the
Vox Fluminis
Is Gratefully Dedicated*

EDITORIAL STAFF

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EDITORIAL

A NOTHER year at Riverbend is rapidly drawing to a close. The year's activities, the work, the fun are all behind you; now you have only to look ahead. But that which is behind you is not necessarily forgotten. You remember it, and it is relived again in *Vox Fluminis*. The jokes, the class notes and the pictures are reminders of the lighter side of life at Riverbend.

Vox Fluminis is your creation. The essays, stories and poems are yours. Only through your efforts can this year book be made a success. This book represents you. It is your work and your responsibility. It is a symbol of what you have achieved and what you hope to achieve. We of the editorial staff have only organized the material and contrived to make the book a success.

Vox Fluminis may not be edited and arranged as you would have done it, but the editorial staff, who are only representatives of you, have done what they thought best.

To those who have contributed so generously to the year book, to the supervising staff and the advertising committee we extend our sincerest thanks. And to the future editor of *Vox Fluminis*, to the editorial staff and to the girls of Riverbend we give our sincerest hopes that they too will have fun in editing *Vox Fluminis*. May they always remember our motto and carry it before them, "Ad Meliora."



PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Dear Girls,

SPRING seems to be a long time coming this year; snow and ice remain, and cold winds continue to blow; but no one doubts for a minute but that summer and bright days will eventually come, and will bring back the birds and the flowers — and lilac for our Lilac Tea?

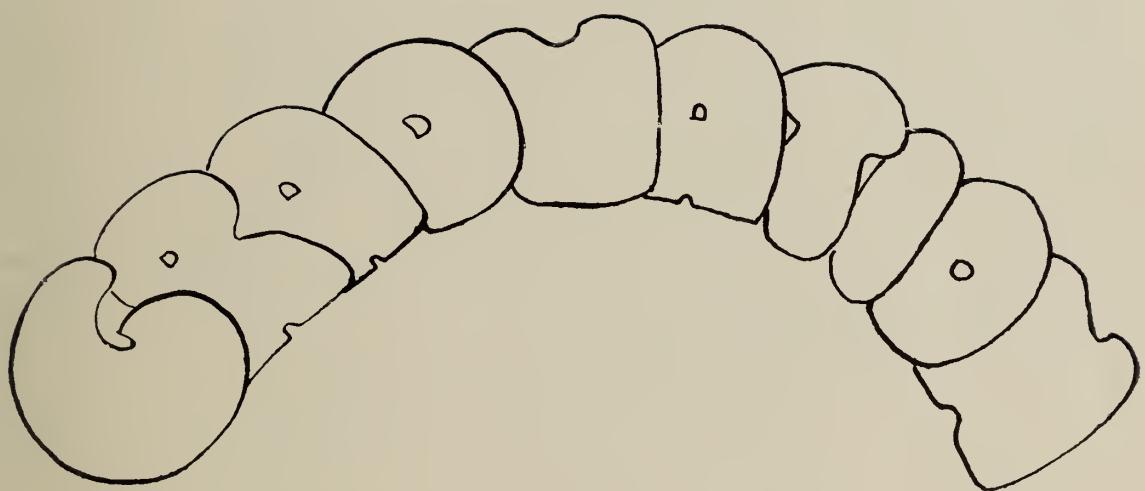
I am writing this at a time when to many of us older people the future of the world seems to be shrouded in the dark clouds of uncertainty. Many are worried and are straining every nerve to maintain peace with honour. Perhaps you think that you cannot do anything towards helping to bring the peace and contentment that is so sadly lacking in the world today, — but you can. Before looking further afield we must set our own house in order, and it is there that you can help. You can help by doing your best wherever you may be or whatever you may be doing, and by helping the weaker ones by a kind word, a smile, by acts of unselfishness.

"The future is yours. You can make it what you will. The days ahead can be magic days or — just days. They can be stumbling blocks or stepping stones. It all depends on how you use them."

So use them as stepping stones to better and better days. Remember our motto: "Ad Meliora."

Yours affectionately,

A large, handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "J. May Carter". A thin horizontal line extends from the end of the signature.





HEAD GIRL

JUNE BAKER is Riverbend's head girl for the year 1947-48. She is tall, dark, and slender and her popularity is envied by us all. She has a charm that wins friends and a helpful friendliness which holds them.

An all-round good sport, June enters wholeheartedly into all school activities. She has been class president for four years and last year as house secretary she displayed a marked talent for leadership.

Her ambition is to receive her Bachelor of Arts. In all that she attempts we wish her the best of luck, secure in the knowledge that she will succeed.

OUR SPORT'S CAPTAIN

CAROLYN DOWLER, our Sports' Captain for the year 1947-48, came to Riverbend in Grade V. Since then she has taken an active part in all indoor and outdoor sports at Riverbend. She is a vivacious, fun-loving girl with a charming ease of manner beloved by us all. We are proud of the keen interest she has shown toward all ideas suggested for the improvement of Riverbend sports and we appreciate her tireless effort in furthering the progress of our teams. Carol is partial to mathematics and she intends to take her Grade XII at Bishop Strachan next fall. We know she will succeed and we wish her the very best of luck for the future.



THE PREFECTS



CATHERINE ANDERSON
JOAN ROBERTS

LORNA McCARTHY
SHELAGH LAWSON



LOIS HUGGARD:

Favourite expression — "I'm cheesed again!"

Noted for—Being a buddy.

Chief Interest—That's a good question.

Ambition—Private secretary.

Probable Destiny—Chief ribbon changer.



CAROL ELLIOTT

Favourite expression—"Oh, for dumb!"
Noted for—Being editor of *Vox Fluminus*.

Chief Interest—Je n'ai pas de clue.

Ambition—Pharmacist.

Probable Destiny—Soda jerk.



ELEANOR PARKER

Favourite expression — "Present, Miss Shepley."

Noted for—Her visits to school.

Chief Interest—Minaki, Ontario.

Ambition—Physical Therapy.

Probable Destiny—You tell us.



PEGGY TRUSCOTT

Favourite expression—"Good heavens!"

Noted for—Her singing.

Chief Interest—Singing.

Ambition—To capture the Rose Bowl at the Festival.

Probable Destiny—? ? ?



CATHERINE HARRIS

Favourite expression—"Did you hear this one? ! "

Noted for—Bigger and better bubbles.

Chief Interest—Gum.

Ambition—To be a hoboe.

Probable Destiny—? ? ?



DONNA SMALE

Favourite expression—"Huuh!"

Noted for—Her long legs.

Chief Interest—"Daylies."

Ambition—Chemical researcher.

Probable Destiny—Test tube cleaner.

Cathy Harris

ARMA SIFTON

Favourite expression—"Got a nailfile?"
Noted for—Her indifferent attitude.
Chief Interest—Kingston, Ont.
Ambition—To run a cattle ranch.
Probable Destiny—? ? ?



PHYLLIS HUSTON

Noted for—Science pin.
Favourite saying—"I'm cheezed!"
Ambition—Nursing.
Best Feature—Her hands.



INA GRAIN

Favourite expression — "Has anyone seen Pedro?"
Noted for—Not needing what she hasn't got.
Chief Interest—Just try and find out.
Ambition—Journalism.
Probable Destiny—Pen-wiper.



MARGARET NASSELQUIST

Noted for—Jewellery.
Favourite saying—"It's terrific!"
Ambition—Merchandizing.
Best Feature—Her hair.



FRANCIS ABBOTT

Favourite expression—"Is that right?"
Noted for—Being a fairy (in Carnival. that is).
Chief Interest—Stew.
Ambition—To be a Gold Medalist.
Probable Destiny—Skate sharpener.



PADDY LOU SPARLING

Favourite expression—"You wanna get hurt?!"
Noted for—Muscles.
Chief Interest — "Flin Flon is a big place."
Ambition—To own a Rolls-Royce.
Probable Destiny—World's foremost tricycle racer.





BARBARA CHAMP

Noted for—Her unselfishness.
Favourite saying—"You kids!"
Ambition—Pharmacy.
Best Feature—Her hair.

BETH COULTER

Noted for—Her interest in people.
Favourite saying—"O, you kids!"
Ambition—Nursing.
Best Feature—Her blue eyes.

BETTE BROOKING

Favourite expression—"Nononoh!"
Noted for— H_2O_2 .
Chief Interest—? ? ?
Ambition—Airline stewardess.
Probable Destiny—? ? ?

ELAINE McINNES

Favourite expression—"Never let it be
said ____"
Noted for—Oversize jewelry.
Chief Interest—The King's forces.
Ambition—? ? ?
Probable Destiny—? ? ?

MARGE BAKER

Favourite expression—"Do you mind?!"
Noted for—Her facial contortions.
Chief Interest—McGill.
Ambition—to beat Paddy Lou at hand
wrestling.
Probable Destiny—Rochester Clinic.

NANCY MERRILL

Noted for—Her height.
Favourite saying—"If you don't mind!"
Best Feature—Her brown eyes.

THE STAFF 1947-1948



MISS I. DICKSON



MRS. A. C. HUSTON



MISS M. SHEPLEY



MRS. R. LOW



MRS. J. REID



MRS. G. SMITH



MISS I. DICKSON



MISS M. ROACH



MRS. A. PRICE



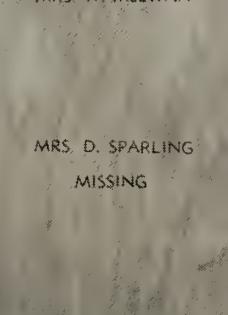
MRS. W. McEWAN



MISS J. GRUSZ



MRS. H. LITTLE



MRS. D. SPARLING

MISSING



MISS M. VOORHEIS

A NOTHER school year has edged away. To Riverbenders it mearly means the finishing of one design in a familiar pattern and the beginning of another. To the graduating class it means much more.

We are leaving behind a life to which we have grown accustomed and we stand now on the threshold of a new experience. In former years the graduates have emerged into a war-torn world. Today, although there is no war, we are going out to face a tottering world peace.

School has helped to mold the characters and personalities which we hope will be an aid in the development of a lasting peace. Therefore we owe a great debt of gratitude to Riverbend which has taught us, above all things, the value of co-operation with each other.

As we work toward our goal in life we should keep in mind the words of W. Hyde's inspiring verse:

"Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar,
The will to win, it makes us free."

We should also remember that it is not what we do in life, but the way in which we do it, that counts.

JUNE BAKER.

* * *

PREFECTS' GRAD NOTES

LORNA McCARTHY:

Favourite expression—Hasn't got one. Noted for not passing a bill. Chief interest—basketball at the Aud. Ambition—interior dec. Probable destiny—carpenter.

JOAN ROBERTS:

Favourite expression—"Really" Noted for—her English accent. Chief interest—those long weekends. Ambition — ballerina. Probable destiny—?

CATHERINE ANDERSON:

Favourite expression—"What a pill!" Noted for—Those geometry marks. Chief interest—Melville. Ambition — Interior dec. Probable destiny—Paper hanger.

SHELagh LAWSON:

Favourite expression—"Nose trouble?" Noted for her sarcastic remarks. Chief interest—jewellry. Ambition — to write a sentence. Probable destiny—?

Dear Girls,

Once more the years draws to a close and we, the prefects, wish to express our gratitude to you. We have tried hard to fulfill our duties and what we have accomplished we owe to your co-operation with us.

Although the year has passed quickly, we have been enriched by our experience which will always be cherished memories. Riverbend will ever be in our thoughts. Your progress and activities will continue to interest us. To those girls who will fill our places, we extend our best wishes for your success. Again, as in previous years, the prefects pass on "the torch; be yours to hold it high."

THE PREFECTS, 1947-1948.

*

WHITE HOUSE NOTES

The White House has various names for the rooms. Various girls occupy these rooms. In the Yellow Room the younger boarders live. Here we find Elizabeth Echols, Jeannie Hamilton, Betty Huston, Joyce Belloff, Janet McCutcheon, and Kathleen Hamilton. The Rose and Grey Room next door is occupied by Jane Park and Gay Youngson. Down the hall in the Bubble Room are Joanne Meyer, Carla Ann Stewart, Arleigh Hutchinson and Helen Grant. Down the stairs we go to the Jungle Room to find at various times Val Head, Gail MacDonald, Valerie Jamieson, Dorothy Jackson, Roberta Scrase, Audrey Hanberg and Ann Fox. The Porridge Pot is next where we visit Ann Stephenson, Betty Ann Runner, Joan Mitchell, Mildred Thompson and Claire Tribble. These are the White House boarders and their home rooms.

Six outstanding events of the White House:

1. Carla caught a mouse at two o'clock in the morning.
2. Dorothy was dressed by the time the breakfast bell rang (for once).
3. Jeannie stopped talking for one whole minute.
4. Joanne got a pimple.
5. Gay and Jane didn't fight for a whole day.
6. Betty Ann got up before the breakfast bell.

*

A LIMERICK

There was a young lady named Spence,
Who made free with pounds, shillings
and pence.

When she wed
The man said
"I fear you are now an ex-Pense."

JUDITH SPENCE, Gr. VI,
Nelson House.

CLASS NOTES

GRADE VII's LITTLE CHERUBS

Thirteen little cherubs, bright little elves,
Sandra fell asleep, and then there were twelve!

Twelve little cherubs, dividing sums by seven,
Jane got a nose bleed, and then there were
eleven.

Eleven little cherubs, chewing on their pens,
Bet May found the answer, and then there
were ten.

Ten little cherubs, standing in a line,
Gail fell over her desk, and then there were
nine.

Nine little cherubs, afraid they would be late,
Anne got there on time, and then there were
eight.

Eight little cherubs, learning about Devon.
Arleigh lost her text-book, and then there were
seven.

Seven little cherubs, in an awful fix,
When Joan drew Miss Dickson, and then were
six.

Six little cherubs, only half alive,
Carol forgot her homework, and then there
were five.

Five little cherubs, always wanting more,
Daphne got the most, and then there were four.

Four little cherubs, climbing up a tree,
Dolores fell down and then there were three.

Three little cherubs, tying up their shoes,
Susanne went to England, and then there were
two.

Two little cherubs, always on the run,
Dulcie Ann heard the bell, and then there was
one.

One little cherub, gazing at the sun,
Carolyn went to the doctor, and then there were
none.

One little teacher, looking quite forlorn,
"Ah! me, they'll all be back tomorrow morn."

SAD FATE OF GRADE VIII

RIVERBEND: five days a week. Thirteen x? x?! were sentenced to-day at Riverbend Court-Room, with Judge E. Smith presiding. The ring leader, Hopeless McInnis, alias Pud McGoon, alias Fanny Belle in the crime of Elmer and the Love Bug, whom you have probably encountered any morning, is 5' 6½", flowing blonde haired, blue-eyed demoiselle. Her worst crime was in forcing Miss Dickson into giving her 99% in Literature in the Christmas exams. She was sentenced to 3 years hard labor at Riverbend School to be followed by a Hollywood career with Boris Karloff as leading man. Second to appear was the little guy that keeps all the lettuce, Shorty-Lou Oriniston (alias Dexter, 6'0", short curly hair (black at present). Her worst crime was smelling up the school with mink skulls as a gift to Miss Sheply. Sentenced to three more years looking after the lettuce (money that is) plus a trip to South Africa to study the rare Fru-Fru plant. Next dragged in was Janet "Q" Bleeks ("Q for queer) alias Denny O'Lunney, strongly resisting officer Lee with her full height of 5'2". Her apple blossom curls knocked out the courtroom for a few minutes. She was sentenced to three years and minstrel singing at the corner of Portage and Main for wearing Mrs. Smith's pink sweater. Then staggered in Monica "Monarch" Brown, alias Johnny, 5'5", home made brown curls. Her worst crime was always getting 10 out of 10 in Science? Sentenced to three years cleaning out the Lab, ending with a B.Sc. at the U. of M. With great rattling of arms and legs "Missing Link" Stephenson, alias "Stevie" stumbled in, 5'4" in full. Her worst crime was swiping mercury from the Lab, in an attempt to hurry along the summer holidays. Sentenced to eat three meals a day instead of six. Next to come tottering in was "Sun Glasses" MacDonald, alias Loey 5'4" in high heels. Her worst crime was asking Mrs. McEwan if the Vikings got sun burned. Sentenced to three years delving into prehistoric refuse. Then drawn up to her full height of 5'4", tripped in "Bangs" Sigurdson, alias Siggy, modelling the "new look". Her worst crime was persuading the teachers to give her a pass mark. Therefore, she was sentenced to five hours homework every night for three years, after that??? Lifting her feet carefully, in fell "Scarface" Parliament, alias "Slap Happy, sprawling her 5'4" all over the floor. Her wost crime was doing her homework two minutes after the teacher walked in. Sentenced to three years of doing her homework two minutes before the

teacher walks in. Amid great silence, ambled in "Cowhand" Grant alias "Sure Shot". Her 5'5" aided her in the crime of scoring baskets against St. Mary's. Sentenced to study her spelling before an exam. In crept the lawyer's daughter "Mouse" Stewart, alias Stewie, trying to put her 5'4" behind the officer. Her worst crime was telling her pals she was going to fail in Maths and then getting 98%. Sentenced to three years hard work in the Income Tax Office. The next victim was 5'5" "Reddy Fox," alias "Foxy" who was convicted for trying to beat the ring-leader in school subjects. She was sentenced to being the modern Rachmaninoff within the next three years. Leaning on each other, last came 5'6" "Blushing Calder" alias Didi and "Billiam Riley" alias Hubert in "The Crime of Elmer and the Lovebug". Both were guilty of giving Mrs. McEwen her first gray hair because of Maths and History. They were sentenced to Homework and more homework. After sentencing the mob in as lenient a manner as possible, Judge E. Smith adjourned the Court, June 1948. After a strenuous session the Judge retired to six weeks of quiet summer school.



GRADE IX CLASS NOTES

When Mrs. McEwen gives up trying to make Grade IX the best form in the school.

When Betty can't draw glamorous faces.

When Maths. is Muriel's favourite subject.

When Donna's hair is not admired by all.

When Pat gives up the idea of being a nurse.

When Cecily Ann completes a diet.

When Patsy Ann is six feet tall or isn't smiling.

When Marilyn can't play the "hit tunes."

When Diane doesn't come out head of the class.

When Barb loses interest in the Tux Teen."

When Tamara's work is poor.

When Betty Ann doesn't like dancing.

When Joan ceases to collect records.

When Dorothy finishes all her sewing.

When Joyce has no more letters to write to her Pen Pals.

When Audrey doesn't make a good pal.

When Roberta gets 100% in her Latin.

When Clem has no interest in athletics.

When Grade IX can agree upon when, where and how much the windows should be opened.

When Grade IX is quiet during school hours.

When all the girls in Grade IX are wide awake for the morning classes. (Only then?)

When Grade IX hears any bells besides those for recess, lunch and 4 o'clock.

When all this happens, Grade IX won't be Grade IX.

GRADE X DIARY, 1947-48

SEPTEMBER:

Our "blood, sweat and tears" commence to flow—school begins! Miss Martin, at the front, surveys the back third of the classroom where all the "students" are huddled into groups to discuss summer conquests.

Maureen is incorporated wholeheartedly into Grade X society.

OCTOBER:

Field Day practices begin—more sprained muscles!

Class, attired in pyjamas take to the stand with "MacNamara's Band" at Hallowe'en party. New girls jumped—teacher bumped!

NOVEMBER:

Our "Sadie Hawkinsers" come with curly hair in the morning, play in a basketball game, and come with straight hair to the dance. Such curls—such girls!

Physicists gain calories, over biology terms in the spelling list (get heated to you!)

Liz. Abbott expounds on her sixth sense—"horse sense."

DECEMBER:

Exams begin and Diane starts to stock up kleenix—optimist?! Linda misses one tooth and three exams.

Strains of the boarders' theme-song "Home Sweet Home" echo through the halls. Trunks are prematurely hauled out.

At a first look at the exam paper, Claire aptly expresses everyone's feeling with "oi, oi, oi" to interrupt the dead (silent?) room.

HOLIDAYS!

JANUARY:

Girls are armed for "Leap Year." Several have already taken the leap.

Everyone looks dead after late holiday nights. During January classes all store up on needed sleep.

"General Martin" takes over "lunch-line infantry."

LIGHTING STOPS:

Cara-Joy collects books — some of Lizz's, some of Patty Lou's.

School reverberates as Joss enters — such a big voice for such a little girl. Joan's lyric soprano joins in "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

FEBRUARY:

In washroom: a stream of water — Mrs. Smith ducks too late — Carole blushes.

The "Beaus" get stabbed by "Arrows" — better aim straighter, Daphne — Bull's Eye Donna!

The barbarian triumphs over the civilized man (in debate) while Nancy, as chairman, rules supreme.

Liz-Ann last seen burnded with "snaps."

MARCH:

Tired muscles drag into class after Saturday's Kenora trip.

Marj gets clubbed — (hm.)

Exams begin again. Class motto: "Fail now, avoid the June rush."

APRIL:

End of holidays, beginning of depression (over marks). Joan comes back singing "Anybody Here Want Kelly?" Mad rush over year book — including class notes!



LEST WE REMEMBER

All is quiet on the first floor of the Red House, —it's 14 minutes after seven. Suddenly an unearthly clanging breaks the silence. It's not a threshing machine,—it's only the bell. At 7.20 silence reigns again.

Well, well, Carolyn's still in bed. Thank goodness she doesn't make a practice of getting up an hour too early every morning. We hope she'll soon be able to read the clock right.

Maureen is the early bird in the yellow room. She is usually able to drag Joan L. out of bed in time for breakfast.

Pat should lend Ina and Cathy H. a little of her energy so they could make it to breakfast fully dressed.

Whom have we forgotten? Oh yes, Cathy A. and Joan R. are still sleeping. They sleep through anything, even when the washroom window blows open and all the bottles (shampoo, etc.) crash into the basin. Even though it's midnight Carolyn staggers up and begins to clean up the mess.

We have troubles in the daytime too. What's the big line-up in front of the bathroom? Is there a dance to-night? Oh, no, it's only Ina having another bath!

Any stranger visiting the Red House would certainly think that it's haunted. Those weird cackles don't belong to Frankenstein! He has nothing on Cathy H's laugh (if that's what you call it).

Pat provides the excitement for the first floor. If she's not staging a boxing match, or frightening us under the beds, she's crashing through some window.

Maureen comes bounding in; "Look what I bought, girls!" She displays another new dress which leaves the rest of us green with envy. So the next Saturday we dash out on a shopping spree, but end up buying a bottle of shampoo.

While Joan R. and Cathy A. are arguing whether Tony Martin or Gene Kelly should be

the honored pin-up above the dresser we hear the strains of "The Stars Will Remember" and Ina and Joan L. glide by perfectly oblivious to the riotous surroundings until they trip over Pat's bicycle pump and are jerked to reality.

We almost forgot, but not quite, another individual, and that's June Baker. June is a resident of the second floor, but since the Twelves have omitted her, she shall have the honor of being mentioned by those below.

Anything we have forgotten in this summary will probably be written in our epitaph. So now that we have remembered it all, let's try to forget it.



RED HOUSE NOTES

TOP FLOOR

We were the fortunate six; we occupied the top floor of the Red House. Sometimes it meant "two bits" for a good night's sleep.

We'll remember Beth as "Petunia" busy with her little set to's. Our future school-marm has her maternal instincts well in hand. Beth has tried hard to make us all of one mind. Beth can go on "Till The End of Time."

Not to be forgotten are Nancy's symphonies and her rogue's gallery. Her most constant complaint is, "you kids, 'I've lost three cents!" We will always remember Nancy's explanations of her explorations. Our theme song for Nancy is, "You're Irish and You're Beautiful."

Then there's our girl Margie. Lately she has taken to studying the laws of our fair land. We'll remember the cheerful way she acknowledged the ringing of the bell in the morning. We won't forget her generous contributions of jewellery. Noted for "Dancing In The Dark."

June, Marg's room-mate, is the girl with the blue eyes and curly black hair; the "Irish Type" someone once said. She is all of that. This beauty with brains was also our Head Girl. She has had a tough job, in boarding as she was, and could be seen any Monday morning, at ten to nine, rushing upstairs with her suitcase. Our June Bug aspires to be a buyer, and she is certain to be a success.

Then there was Phyl, the "cheesed" kid of the Red House. For the past year her future has been a question mark. We'll never forget her mania for being put off." In twenty years she'll still be doing it all for "Sentimental Reasons."

Barb was to Phyl as a St. Bernard is to a lost mountain climber. Will remember Barb's radio programmes, her passion for chocolates and for being the most studious one of us all. One could have seen her any evening about four, being propelled down the street by Margie and Phyl. We always hoped that Barb. would learn to walk.



KINDERGARTEN MORNING SCHEDULE

- 9:15- 9:45—Self-directed help by removal of outdoor clothing.
- 9:20- 9:50—Self-occupational play with:
- (a) Educational Toys;
 - (b) Buildings Blocks;
 - (c) Puzzle Games (Pictures, Alphabet, Numbers);
 - (d) Dolls Centre;
 - (e) Library Books (Educational).
- 9:50-10.00—Replacement toys and materials.
- 10:00-10:20—Gym, Rhythemics and Games (outdoors if possible).
- 10:20-10.30—Rest.
- 10:30-10:45—Toilet and Luncheon Routine.
- (a) Assembly;
 - (b) Conversation—insist on one person speaking at a time by turns. News. Interests — hobbies or pets. French.
- (c) Prayers, Hymns, Bible Verses.
- (d) Songs, Gramophone (for listening music appreciation), Dramatic and Rhythmic Plays.
- (e) Discussion:
- a. Health, Safety, Cleanliness, etc.
 - b. Sensory Training Games.
- 11:15-11:40—Handwork, small directed groups:
- a. Painting.
 - b. Drawing.
 - c. Projects.
- 11:40-11:50—Organized Story:
- a. Picture Reading.
 - b. Selected Stories.
 - c. Factual Discussion.
 - d. Puzzle Books, etc.
- 11:50-12:00—Dismissal—Cloakroom Routine.
- 12:00-12:15—Outdoor Free Play.



YORK HALL

During the past ten months York Hall has proudly participated in all school activities. From the beginning of the year the girls have done their best and happy results have come of it.

In the inter-house field day, the girls won both the senior and junior cups.

In inter-house basketball, York Hall placed second after a long struggle. The basketball team should be congratulated on their everlasting hard work.

In the inter-house bowling York came out on top.

In the inter-house dramatic plays a great deal of work by the girls, especially Diane Johnson,

who took her part in three days' notice. We were fortunate in this to have the help of Miss Dickson and Miss Shepley.

As to the house points, thanks to all the girls and also our two little boys for trying so hard.

As prefect of York Hall I would like to thank the girls for their wholehearted co-operation, especially Marge Baker, our sports-captain, Diane Armstrong, our secretary and Linda Wright, our treasurer.

The year has been very eventful and I have been proud to be prefect of York Hall during 1947-48.

LORNA McCARTHY.



DOUGLAS HALL

This has been a very eventful year for Douglas Hall and one which I have enjoyed immensely as prefect.

To begin with there were the Inter-House Field Day Sports and although we lost the cup I felt proud of the excellent showing made by the girls and their whole-hearted co-operation.

This same spirit was again felt when Christmas came around and we made up our annual hamper of presents to the Point Douglas Mission. Later I received a very nice letter from the Mission expressing their thanks and appreciation.

In regard to the housepoints, I wish to thank all the girls for their untiring efforts, especially the juniors from grades one to three and such standouts as Betty May Ormiston, Mary Hope McInnes and Anne Fox. Nancy Smith, our house secretary, also deserves special credit for her weekly housepoint lists and for the fact that we came second in the fall-to-Christmas term. With

a little extra effort from now till June I feel quite hopeful that we may win the much coveted shield at graduation.

In sports, we again held our own much to the tireless support of our sports captain, Lois Hugard, who led the basketball teams in some excellent play.

On February 20th when the house plays were presented, Douglas Hall made a very fine showing with "Elmer and the Lovebug." The audience thoroughly enjoyed it, I am sure, but it required hard work and the patient coaching of Mrs. Little and Mrs. Smith, our members of staff.

This loyalty to our house together with the united efforts and sportsmanship of all the girls and staff members makes this a year which I will always remember with pleasure. My sincerest thanks goes out to everyone.

JOAN ROBERTS.



GARRY HALL

As another year comes to a close, I feel that Garry Hall has had a very successful year. With unending efforts on behalf of our sports captain, we have made a good showing in all the sports. Before Easter our team took first place in basketball.

The girls have all worked for housepoints, all with the help of our secretary Cara Joy Hughes; Garry took second place at Easter.

At Christmas the girls donated generously to making up a good hamper of clothes and food. We received word that our family appreciated this very much.

With hard work on the part of the girls in the play, and the splendid direction and help given by Mrs. Price, Mrs. McEwen and Miss Arnold, we presented our play "Snakes and Ladders" in March.

With the Lilac Tea ahead, the girls are all busy making things for the sale of work table.

I would like to thank the girls and the staff of Garry Hall for their help and co-operation in making this year a pleasant experience which I will not forget.

SHELagh LAWSON.



NELSON HALL, 1947-48

Nelson Hall has experienced a very eventful year. Besides being fortunate enough to have Mrs. Sparling, Mrs. Low and Miss Martin as staff members, we proudly boast the privilege of having June Baker, head girl, and Carolyn Dowler, sports captain, as members of our house.

Although Nelson did not win any of the field day trophies, the girls displayed excellent sportsmanship and did their very best. Jocelyn Robb, our sports captain, very capably manages her duties. Her enthusiasm and interest in sports is a great asset to Nelson.

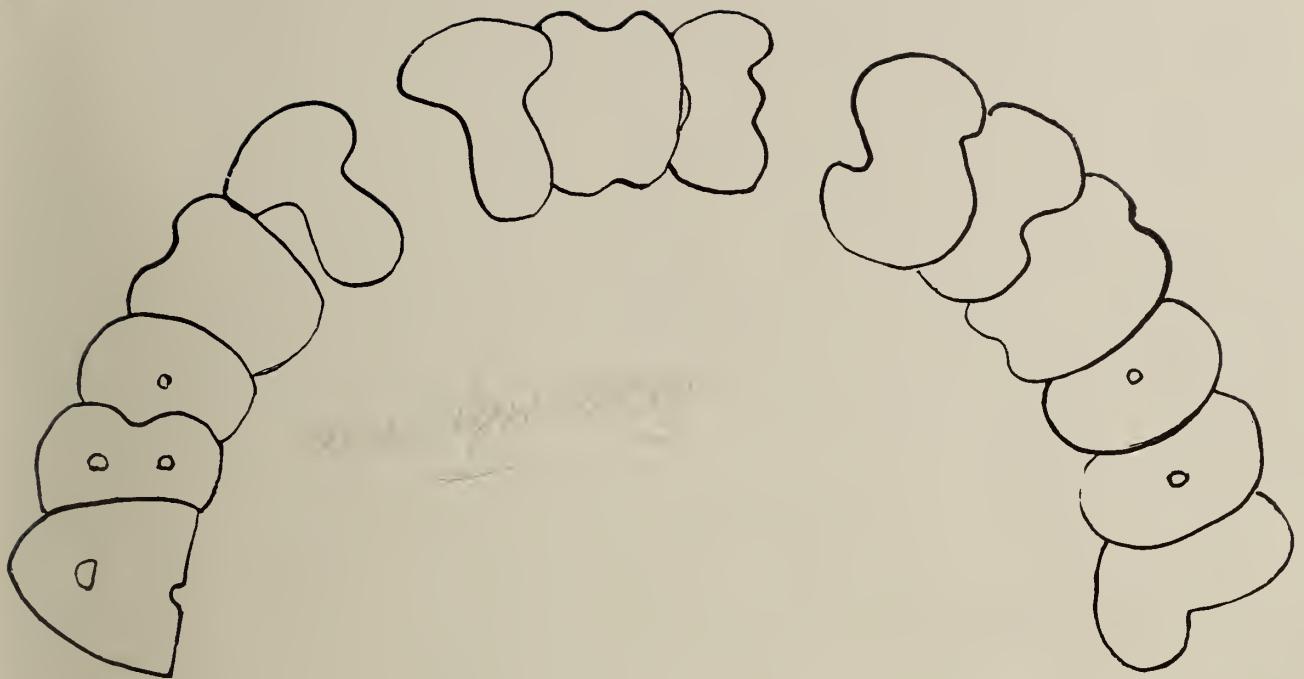
Daphne White holds the office of secretary this year and has proved her efficiency. The girls in Nelson tried hard to obtain housepoints and they certainly deserve a note of thanks, especially Judith Spence and Audrey Stubbs who have helped greatly to bring up our average.

A few days before Christmas a large hamper containing food, clothing and presents was delivered to a needy Winnipeg family. The generosity of all the girls was indeed appreciated.

In regard to the play presented by Nelson in February I can only find praise for House Spirit and co-operation I received. The girls who actually participate in the play learned their lines well and were present at all rehearsals. Miss Martin and Mrs. Low were untiring in their efforts and were mainly responsible for the play's success. Moreover, the girls in the house managed to place Nelson at the head of the ticket sales.

This year at Riverbend, as Prefect of Nelson Hall will always be a memorable one for me. Thank you girls for your loyal support.

CATHERINE ANDERSON.







FIELD DAY RESULTS

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

CAROLYN DOWLER

HIGH JUMP:

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Jean Hamilton; 2nd, Joyce Bellof and Diane Sheppard.
Grades 3 and 4—1st, Sally Trueman; 2nd, Arline Coldwell; 3rd, Patsy Smith.
Grades 5 and 6—1st, Judy Jenkins; 2nd Mavis Gossling; 3rd, Muriel Edmonds.
Class A—1st, Anne Jenkins; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Dulcie Thomson.
Class B—1st, Joss Robb; 2nd, Elizabeth Beaton; 3rd, Elaine McInnes.
Class C—1st, Clem McNern; 2nd, Diane Armstrong; 3rd, Cara Hughes.
Class D—1st, Arma Sifton; 2nd, Lois Huggard; 3rd, Donna Smale.

SPRINTS:

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Jean Hamilton; 2nd, Diane Sheppard; 3rd, Joyce Bellof.
Grades 3 and 4—1st, Arline Coldwell; 2nd, Joan Bathgate; 3rd, Gail McLean.
Grades 5 and 6—1st, Joanne Meyers; 2nd, Judy Jenkins; 3rd, Mavis Gossling.
Class A—1st, Arleigh Hutchinson; 2nd, Janet Bleeks; 3rd, Patsy Sigurdson.

BALLTHROW:

Class A—1st, Claire Tribble; 2nd, Anne Stephenson; 3rd, Anne Jenkins.
Class B—1st, Betty Runner; 2nd, Donna Pigott; 3rd, Eliz. Beaton and Helen Grant.
Class C—1st, Clem McNern; 2nd, Donna Young; 3rd, Joan Mitchell.
Class D—1st, Pat Sparling; 2nd, Nancy Smith; 3rd, Carolyn Elliott.

SHOE RACE:

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Jean Hamilton; 2nd, Claudia McRae; 3rd, John Bracken.
Grades 3 and 4—1st, Gail McLean; 2nd, Arlene Coldwell; 3rd, Joan Bathgate.

WHEEL BARROW:

Grades 5 and 6—1st, Eliz. Hamilton, Joanne Meyers; 2nd, Marg. McMurray, Judy Spence; 3rd, Mavis Gossling, Muriel Edmonds.
Grades 7 and 8—1st, Anne Jenkins, Betty May Ormiston; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson, Suzanne Chester; 3rd, Jane Park, Patsy Sigurdson.

THREE LEGGED:

Grades 5 and 6—1st, Judy Jenkins, Eliz. Hamilton; 2nd, Gay Youngson, Nora Richards; 3rd, Mavis Gossling, Muriel Edmonds.

Class B—1st, Elaine McInnes; 2nd, Betty Carr; 3rd, Joss Robb.
Class C—1st, Lorna McCarthy; 2nd, Linda Wright; 3rd, Diane Calder.
Class D—1st, Arma Sifton; 2nd, Donna Smale; 3rd, Betty Brooking.

BROAD JUMP:

Grades 5 and 6—1st, Judy Jenkins; 2nd, Eliz. Hamilton; 3rd, Muriel Edmonds.
Class A—1st, Claire Tribble; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Anne Jenkins.
Class B—1st, Betty Runner; 2nd, Joss Robb; 3rd, Elaine McInnes.
Class C—1st, Clem McNern; 2nd, Diane Armstrong; 3rd, Joan Mitchel.
Class D—1st, Betty Brooking; 2nd, Carolyn Dowler; 3rd, Catherine Anderson.

BALL THROW:

Class A—1st, Claire Tribble; 2nd, Anne Stephenson; 3rd, Carolyn Elliott.
ton; 2nd, Gay Youngson, Nora Richards;
Grades 7 and 8—1st, Arleigh Hutchinson, Suzanne Chester; 2nd, Dulcie Thomson, Gail McDonald; 3rd, Anne Jenkins, Betty May Ormiston.

SHUTTLES:

Grades 1-6—1st, Garry; 2nd, Nelson; 3rd, Douglas.
Grades 7-12—1st, Garry, 2nd, York; 3rd, Douglas.

WALKING RACE:

Grades 1-6—1st, Douglas; 2nd, York; 3rd, Garry.
Grades 7-12—1st, York; 2nd, Nelson; 3rd, Garry.

POTATO RACE:

Grades 7-12—1st, York; 2nd, Douglas; 3rd, Garry.

OBSTACLE RACE:

Grades 7-12—1st, Nelson; 2nd, Douglas; 3rd, Garry.

TOTAL NUMBER OF POINTS FOR EACH HOUSE:

Junior—Douglas, 18; Nelson, 31; Garry, 33; York, 37.
Senior—Nelson, 38; Douglas, 42; Garry, 58; York, 61.

NOTE—It will be noticed that York house won both senior and junior sports cups.



JUNIOR TEAM

Second Row—Dulcie Ann Thomson, Janet Bleeks, Ann Stephenson, Jane Park, Carla Stewart, Helen Grant

Third Row—Arleigh Hutchinson, Anne Jenkins, Annie Lou Ormiston,

Front Row—Monica Brown, Mary Hope McInnes, Anne Fox.

Back Row (left to right)—Daphne Buns, Pat Riley, Carolyn Dyson, Miss Grusz, Lois Macdonald, Barbara Parliament, Patsy Ann Wright, Suzanne Chester, Joan Shepherd, Dolores Palmater, Carol Feinstein, Patsy Sigurdson, Diane Calder, Gail Macdonald.

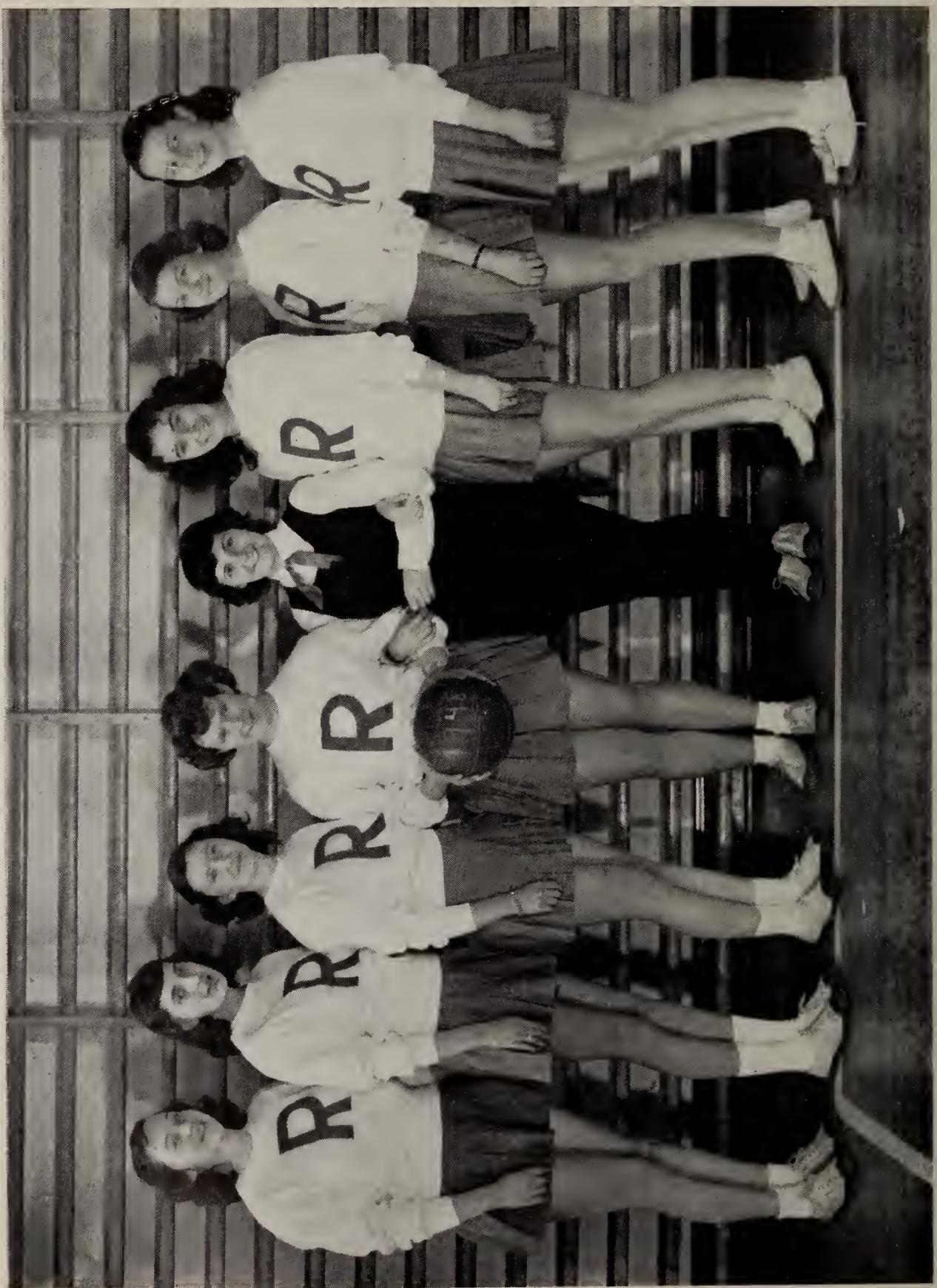


INTERMEDIATE TEAM AND SECOND TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Barbara Drybrough, Clem McNear, Nancy Smith, Diane Johnson, Marjorie Lush, Arma Sifton, Lois Huggard, Betty Runner.
Second Row—Joan Mitchell, Elizabeth Beaton, Donna Young, Cecily Ann Gunn, Betty Brookings, Ina Grain, Linda Wright, Frances Abbott.
Front Row—Claire Tribble, Cara Joy Hughes, Miss Grusz, Jocelyn Robb, Elaine McInnes.



FIRST TEAM



Left to right—Carolyn Dowler, Diane Armstrong, Lorna McCarthy, Paddy Lou Sparling, Miss Grusz, June Baker, Shaelagh Lawson, Donna Smale.

SPORTS

CAROLYN DOWLER

Riverbend School for Girls can be proud of its department of physical education. It has one of the best equipped gymnasiums in Winnipeg, and the supervision is all that could be desired. The routine program is clearly set out and the aims and standards are set high.

The school slogan has been for some time, "Every girl on a team and every team playing." This year has been no exception. For example, consider our basketball teams. As our juniors will supply our future teams, much concentration has been placed on them and a new team was formed this year composed of all those who were interested in acquiring an accurate knowledge of this sport. This team, as well as the intermediates and the two senior teams participated in the inter-school games between St. Mary's, Rupertsland and Kenora. These games were played not only with the hope of winning but also with the intention of increasing school spirit, improving plays, and encouraging teamwork. Basketball has been our main sport up until now, but the season will soon be over and more concentration will be placed on volleyball, badminton, baseball and tennis.

The Riverbend sport schedule is not limited to games however. Although these games are important, they alone do not make our girls physically fit. Exercises are stressed in P.T. classes and this year we have begun clubwork which helps us gain co-ordination.

All types of dancing are studied in our classes and under the capable supervision of our gym mistress, we have all had some experience with ball room, square dancing and novelty dances such as the sailors' hornpipe.

Apparatus classes are held regularly once a week and are received with enthusiasm. We have been fortunate this year in obtaining Mrs. Saddler whom all the old girls knew as gym mistress in '45. Her high standard of efficiency is recognized by all and we are indebted to her interest in our improvement.

Swimming classes were held at the Sherbrook pool where individual instruction was given on diving and life saving by Mrs. Sidney Lloyd. This sport had to be abandoned during the winter months but will be resumed in warmer weather, when several girls hope to finish their course and thus receive their life saving certificates from the Royal Life Saving Academy.

When school opened in September the girls began immediately to practice for their field day. All over the grounds they could be seen sprinting, high jumping, and broadjumping. Field sports have always been a favorite at Riverbend and the girls work hard for the field day cups. This year, both the junior and the

senior cups, were won by York House and the total results may be seen below.

This year a new item has been added to our list of outdoor sports. As in other years, we have participated in the usual winter sports such as skiing and skating but this year, at the suggestion of our teacher Miss Grusz, for the first time in recent years, we attempted hockey. The seniors were compelled to spend more time on studies and therefore this sport was introduced only to the juniors. It was received with enthusiasm and therefore will very likely be continued next year.

In general, this has been a very successful year in regard to sports, and I think it safe to say that the variety here is such that every girl in the school, regardless of her environment is included in some type of sport and is given the opportunity to develop her skill and knowledge.

For our achievements this year, credit is due to the capability of Miss Jean Grusz, our gym mistress, whose everlasting patience and understanding have won the respect of us all. Miss Grusz has entered wholeheartedly into all school activities and her sportsmanship is a virtue we should all attempt to attain.



TEAMWORK

DURING the war the word "teamwork" was on everybody's lips. Teamwork in munition factories, between the armed forces and between the Allies. Just what is meant by this word "teamwork"? To me it means being able to work and to get along with the other fellow to help him do his best and to live his highest. Now that the war is over the intermediate crisis is past and the lack of teamwork is evident in the world situation today. Nations are, as the individuals of the nations are. Physical Education is playing a great part in re-shaping the world if it succeeds in training students how to work and play together in co-operation.

Most of the other subjects on the school curriculum tend to bring out the individualism in the student. Gym is one of the few subjects that stress, not a solo act, but being only part of a whole. In basketball (which is the sport that is closest to most of our hearts) the team is only as strong as its weakest player. We all know what happens when a player monopolizes the ball and does not pass it to the other members of the team. This is one of the first lessons learned in teamwork. Yet each player, himself, must be steady, quick thinking, and dependable. There is nothing more disheartening to a team than to bring the ball up into scoring position and, by carelessness, over-confidence or selfishness, have the ball lost to the opponents. Games teach the players to be fair. The team that

cheats is never the team that really wins out in the end. Swift, clean playing always proves the most successful.

Games develop a desire to keep playing even though often the competition is great. They teach you how to be a good loser, because very few teams win all the time. They teach you, too, how to win graciously. But most important of all they teach you to play for the sake of playing and something greater than your own self, so that at the end you have a sense of having done a good job.

The training we get by playing games is carried over into our everyday life. This training keeps us strong and determined not to go under in the face of difficulties. It teaches us to play fairly, to play cleanly and to the best of our abilities.

These, I think, are the true aims of sports. Building a strong and healthy body is important, but more important still is the acquired character that makes a real sportsman. It is this characteristic that enables people and nations to live together in harmony and peace. Think of the big responsibility you have in determining the kind of nation you can build, if, as individuals of that nation you have learned to play the game.

I've enjoyed this year at Riverbend very much. During the few months that I have been here I have come to love you all. I am grateful for your friendship, and for the things we have learned together. I sincerely hope that we have come nearer to attaining the ideals of a true sportsman.

J. GRUSZ.



BOWLING

Monday after four was the day when the girls, accompanied by Miss Martin or Miss Grusz, made their way to the Y.M.C.A. bowling alleys for their weekly bowling.

During the year there was keen competition among the girls, and around the beginning of December the final inter-house game was played.

This game was played one Saturday afternoon at the Mall. The girls all enjoyed themselves and the competition was keen, but after some very accurate figuring by Miss Martin it was found that York was on top.

After Christmas, bowling was discontinued as the girls found they had too many other activities.

I am sure the girls enjoyed the bowling and that they appreciated the help that Miss Martin so willingly gave.

MAUREEN NORD.

BASKETBALL NOTES

JUNIOR TEAM

This year our junior team was made up of three separate sets, "A," "B," and "C," with a few spares. All the girls were playing basketball for the first time. The Juniors worked hard with Miss Grusz and won their last two games. Their captain, Miss Annie Lou Armiston, was partly responsible for the enthusiasm which the juniors showed at their practices and in their games. Our Juniors certainly showed the other teams how to turn out to practices. Many of these girls show great promise and we look forward to better basketball teams in the future.

INTERMEDIATE TEAM

Due to the keen teamwork of our Intermediates this year, they set a record by winning all the games of their season. This was partly due to the outstanding playing of Clem McNern, a forward. The captain is Cara Joy Hughes. The Intermediates were composed of several members of last year's junior team as well as some new players, all of whom were under fifteen. Therefore our Intermediates played as Juniors against the Kenora Juniors, and won their game. The Intermediates have had a lot of fun this year.

SENIOR TEAMS

Our two Senior teams, "1st" and "2nd," played good clean basketball throughout the year. With a joined effort, they beat Kenora, with Paddy Lou, captain of the 1st team, making the winning basket. The captain of the 2nd team was Joss Robb, who played both forward and guard equally well.



THE BEAVER

Last summer on my holiday,
I saw a beaver work and play,
He slapped his tail upon the water,
As if to say I hadn't ought to.

He dug a channel to float a tree.
And worked so hard it worried me,
He built a dam without a gap,
I think he was a clever chap.

DANA LEIGH HOPSON, Gr. III.
Douglas Hall.



The church is on the top of the hill,
On Sunday the bell will ring.
The minister stands in the pulpit,
And then we shall sing.

SANDRA JEAN SERVICE, Gr. II.
Douglas Hall.

MUSIC SECTION



MISS E. ARNOLD



MISS E. DESBRISAY



MRS. F. CHRISTIE



MRS. GRAHAM

MUSIC AND WOMEN

To-day, more than ever, women are taking a prominent place in the field of music. A glance at this season's list of Celebrity Concerts in Winnipeg shows that five of the ten solo performers were women. The same ratio would no doubt exist in almost all musical centres of the world.

Let us make a brief survey of what women have done in music up to the present.

The largest contribution given to music by women seems to have been through their singing. An eighteenth century singer, Mrs. Susanna Cibber, is of special interest to us because she was the sister of the English composer Dr. Thomas Arne. She took a leading role in the first performance of Handel's Messiah in Dublin in 1742. Other concert and operatic vocalists of the past include such women as Jenny Lind, Patti, Galli-Curci, Clara Butt and Madame Schumann-Heink. Outstanding women singers of today are many: Lily Pons, Kirsten Flagstad, Marian Anderson and Helen Traubel, to mention but a few.

In the instrumental branches of music, too, women have been quite active. Clara Schumann is perhaps the best known and best loved example, and is still considered one of the greatest pianists the world has heard. An earlier performer, born in 1751, was Mozart's sister, Maria Anna (often called "Nannerl") who was, like Mozart himself, a child prodigy, and who played duets with him on their childhood concert tours. Teresa Carreno, another eminent woman pianist, was born in Venezuela in 1853 and composed the Venezuelan National Anthem. Distinguished instrumentalists of today include the English pianist Myra Hess and Harriet Cohen, the South American pianist Guiomar Novaes, the famous Polish hardsichordist Wanda Landowska, and the Canadian violinist Kathleen Parlow.

While women have proven themselves capable musicians in vocal and instrumental music, they apparently do not take so great an interest in orchestral work or in musical composition.

There are, of course, many women taking part in chamber music groups and in symphony orchestras, but so far these organizations are composed largely of men. An exception of interest is Phil Spitalny's famous all-girl orchestra.

In composition, too, while many women have written musical works, few have obtained universal recognition for their efforts. Fanny Mendelssohn (sister of Felix) is said to have written the music for her own wedding. Clara Schumann also composed, and has twenty-three

works to her credit. More recent women composers are Cecile Chaminade, Mana-Zucca, Carrie Jacobs-Bond and Evangeline Lehman. Special mention should be made of the young Canadian composer Barbara Pentland (formerly of Winnipeg). Her works may be heard frequently over Canadian radio networks, and compositions by her have also been performed in seven other countries.

There are other forms of musical endeavour in which women have participated (for instance in pedagogy and in the writing of literature pertaining to music) which are too wide in scope to consider here. However, it is interesting to note in passing that an important Canadian executive position is held by Winnipeg's Eva Clare as Director of Music in the University School of Music.

The conclusion that we reach, then, is that while women have already done much to promote the art of music, there are still greater and more varied ventures ahead for them. Let us give them our support and encouragement in every way possible.



Riverbend School for Girls,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Girls of Epworth:

The time has come once more at Riverbend for editing our year book, *Vox Fluminis*. Although we have very little contact with you at Epworth, we have not forgotten you, and we remember you especially at this time when we send you a copy of *Vox Fluminis*.

The girls of Riverbend are very much interested in your activities at Epworth and would be very grateful if you would send us your 1948 magazine.

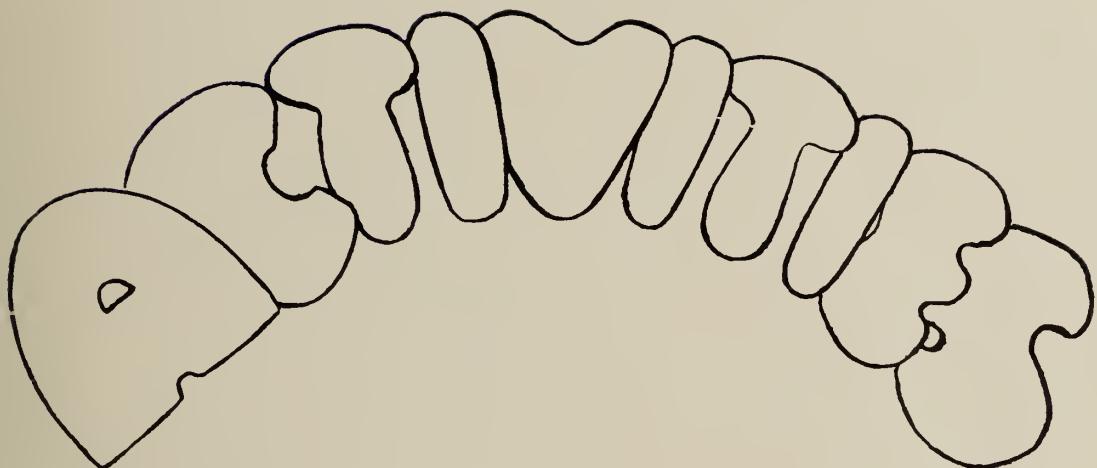
Sincerely,
CAROLYN ELLIOTT,
Editor.



LAST YEAR'S GRADUATES

Phyllis Huston	Grade 12, Riverbend
Barbara Champ	Grade 12, Riverbend
Gertrude More	Flin Flon, Man.
Nancy Merrill	Grade 12, Riverbend
Beverley Ann Laidlaw ..	1st yr. Arts, Broadway
Gloria Anderson	Interior Dec., Ft. Garry
Ruthe Myles	1st yr. Arts, Broadway
Patt McCarthy	at home
Beth Coulter	Grade 12, Riverbend
Margareth Nasselquist	Grade 12, Riverbend
Mary Mathers	1st yr. Arts, United
Mary MacIntosh	1st yr. Home Ec., Ft. Garry
Gwen Alsip	United College
Peggy Dolmage	1st yr. Arts, United

Buy Your own



OLD GIRLS' DAY

Old Girls' Day, 1947, came on the same day as the Westminster Church Tea. Some of our Riverbend Girls helped serve, then changed for the big dinner. After a delicious meal, there was a hilarious game of basketball between the "Alumnae" and the girls still attending Riverbend. There were a few spills, and laughs ran high. After all this exercising, the elevens were invited to the alumnae meeting. New officers were elected for the next year, and some of the elevens were also chosen for the food committee.

N.M.



ST. JOHN AMBULANCE COURSE

Junior St. John Ambulance First Aid classes have been given to the girls from grades seven to eleven each Monday since Christmas. The majority of girls are from grades seven and eight, but the older girls who found time for the classes have enjoyed them as keenly as the other girls. The teacher, Mrs. Chaplain, has made the classes extremely interesting. The girls have taken the History of First Aid, as well as practical work. The theory has included the treatment of shock, cuts, bruises, burns, fractures, sprains and strains. The practical work dealt with bandaging, the method of splinting fractures, artificial respiration and transportation of injured persons. The girls will write an exam on March twenty-first, after which they will be full-fledged Junior First Aiders.

The girls would like to express their thanks to Mrs. Chaplain for coming so faithfully every Monday, and particularly for the extra classes she gave to help the girls pass their exam. The course has been a decided success and will help everyone who took it in the years to come.

DAPHNE WHITE, Gr. X,
Nelson House.



MISS ARNOLD'S RECITAL

One of the more important events of the year was the Benefit Recital for the Riverbend Scholarship Fund, given by Miss Eileen Arnold, at Trinity Hall, on January 12th, 1948, under the distinguished patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Dr. R. F. McWilliams, and Mrs. McWilliams; The President of the University of Manitoba, Mr. A. W. Trueman, and Mrs. Trueman; the Chairman of the Riverbend School Board of Governors, Mr. Gordon Smith, and Dr. and Mrs. A. C. McInnes.

Miss Arnold's selections were well chosen for the occasion and she was able to maintain the full interest of a large audience throughout the evening by her faultless execution of them.

Assisting Miss Arnold was Mrs. Phyllis MacAulay, mezzo-soprano, who with Mrs. Margaret Fetherstonhaugh, her accompanist, added further enjoyment to the evening.

Altogether it was an evening of glorious entertainment and an event of which Riverbend can feel justly proud.

DIANE JOHNSON.



REMEMBER . . .

Paddy Lou and Cara fighting.
Carole Wallick's reports.
Jeanie and Joss.
Miss Grusz's bows.
Elaine's and Marge's letters.
Miss Dickson's "Little Cherubs."
Inspector day.
Miss Martin's jokes.
Grade VIII baby beauty contest.
Peggy Ann singing in prayers.
Grade X's new window exit.
Cathy's laugh.
Boarders' letters.



SADIE HAWKIN'S DANCE

On Friday, November 14th, at nine o'clock, the girls of grades ten, eleven and twelve came with their chosen escorts to spend an evening of dancing and gaiety in the drawing room of the school.

Miss Carter and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith received the couples and entered into the dancing and fun.

The music, via the phonograph, was from the most popular records. Music was also supplied by five young men who, in the middle of the floor, gave cut with a hearty "Down in the Valley"!

Goodnites were said to Miss Carter shortly after midnight and the various groups went to restaurants or homes to top off the evening with donuts and cokes.

We wish to thank Miss Carter for arranging the dance and for another memorable Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Joss ROBB X.
Nelson House.



THE BEAU AND ARROW DANCE

On the evening of February the thirteenth, countless couples came to the school to enjoy an evening of dancing to the music of Charlie Cruikshank and his orchestra. A receiving line was inside to greet the couples as they came and went. The patrons who were receiving

were: Miss Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Dr. and Mrs. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

The gym was gaily decorated with red hearts and red and white streamers, which hung from the walls.

Before the dance, coke parties were held at various homes and after the dance all couples were invited back to Dr. and Mrs. McInnes's to finish off the evening with refreshments.

According to all reports the dance was a "terrific" success and lots of fun.

DONNA YOUNG.



THE LILAC TEA

Last year the Lilac Tea was held in May. It was a lovely spring day at first, although it clouded over later in the afternoon.

There were ballet and gym displays on the lawn. The ballet was under the direction of Miss Joan Sterling and was accompanied by Miss Ruth Gordon. The girls wore dainty blue silk tunics and looked lovely as they flitted over the lawn. The gym display was under the able guidance of our gym teacher, Miss MacKinnon. The music was provided by the phonograph. The girls, smartly clad in grey shorts and white blouses, marched down the field to stirring martial music. They then performed a table of exercises. There was also an apparatus display and a display of acrobatics.

Tea was served in the dining room downstairs. The four houses combined to make the one large table a delightful success. There was also a sale of work. Outside there was the fish pond, and an ice cream and soft drink stand, both run by Grade IX. On the whole the Lilac Tea of 1947 was a huge success.

DAPHNE WHITE.



MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Riverbend School was well represented at the afternoon performance of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra held at the Winnipeg Auditorium on March 15th, 1948.

A highly diversified program was offered and enthusiastically received by a large audience made up of Winnipeg's young people.

Welcome additions to the program were the four British folk songs, Molly on the Shore, Irish Tune from County Derry, Country Gardens and Shepherd's Hey. These settings of British folk tunes and dances have always been recognized as classics of their kind. Mr. Percy

Grainger, the composer, was kind enough to play two piano selections for us and his performance added greatly to the program.

During the past years the school children of Winnipeg have been given the opportunity of attending these afternoon concerts and it is to be hoped that the same privilege will be extended to us each time our friends from across the line visit our city.

DIANE JOHNSON.



LAST YEAR'S GRADUATION

Last year's commencement exercises were held on June 11th at Westminster United Church. The program began with the singing of O Canada, and our school hymn, "Land of Our Birth." The chairman, Mr. Gordon Smith, introduced our principal, Miss Carter, who gave an account of Riverbend activities during the year. The Junior and Senior Glee clubs sang four selections after which the chairman introduced Mr. Trueman, the President of the University of Manitoba. His talk proved to be very entertaining and inspiring. The prizes were then presented by Mrs. R. F. McWilliams and Mrs. Aikens. The exercises were followed by a garden party at the school.

DIANE JOHNSON.



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

In the evening of October 31st, 1947, the girls from grades seven to twelve gathered in the gym for a very enjoyable Hallowe'en party. By seven-thirty the gym was filled with many weird and wonderful characters. The girls in Grade VIII came dressed as Indians, complete with bare feet and painted faces, while the Grade X's came in their pyjamas. Miss Carter added to the fun by appearing as a Chinaman. Other members of the staff also arrived, looking decidedly different than they usually did on school days. June Baker, dressed as a clown, led the girls in various games and a sing-song. Then, much to the dismay and terror of the new girls, it was announced that an initiation would take place. Each new girl was then put through various forms of torture in the downstairs hall. After that, everyone returned to the gym to dance to the smooth music supplied by the phonograph. Cokes and doughnuts were served and everyone then slowly departed after a very pleasant evening.

MARY HOPE MCINNES, Gr. VIII,
Douglas Hall.

HOUSE PLAYS

YORK

"The Merchant of Venice"

CAST

Shylock	Arma Sifton
Portia	Linda Wright
Antonio	Carolyn Elliott
Bassanio	Diane Johnson
The Duke	Clementine McNern
Nerissa	Nancy Merrill
Gratiano	Donna Piggot
Salerio	Joan Lidster
Clerk	Margery Baker
Pages	Gail Macdonald
Carol Feinstein, Dulcie Ann Thomson	

* * *

York Hall give a sparkling beginning to an evening of plays with their interpretation of the courtroom scene from the Merchant of Venice. Under the direction of York's staff, Miss Dickson and Miss Shepley and their prefect Lorna McCarthy, a very convincing performance was given. The costuming was very good, a number of the costumes coming from Riverbend's own "cupboard" and these added color and background for their presentation. There was superb makeup, with Arma Sifton's makeup as Shylock a masterpiece. The entire cast seemed well suited to their parts, with Linda Wright making a very beautiful Portia as she gave her "Mercy Speech." The clear voices of the girls carried the play through with a swing which brought it to first place.

C. J. H.,

Garry Hall, Gr. X.



NELSON

"Romance Incorporated"

CAST

Alice Field	June Baker
Pat Burke	Carolyn Dowler
Minnie Brown	Barbara Champ
Beatrice Whitney	Ina Grain
Mrs. Whitney	Daphne White

* * *

The play "Romance Incorporated" was an incident that could quite easily occur in everyday life. Its delightful humour was cleverly transmitted by the cast to the audience from beginning to end.

Carolyn Dowler aptly displayed her ability in the role of Pat around whom most of the humour centred, and she was given strong support by June Baker as Alice Field, manager of Romance Incorporated; Daphne White, as the society leader; Mrs. O. P. H. Whitney; Ina Grain, as the sophisticated and spoiled daughter, and Barbara Champ, who had the role of Minnie Brown, a wealthy, mousey old spinster.

D A.

DOUGLAS

"Elmer and the Lovebug"

CAST

Elmer Collier	Pat Sparling
Janie Collier	Lois Huggard
Jeanie Collier	Margaret Nasselquist
Susan Collier	Elizabeth Beaton
Luke Lawson	Nancy Smith
Hubert Brown	Pat Riley
Fannie Bell	Mary Hope McInnes
Cecil	Donna Young
Millicent Carr	Gay Youngson

* * *

Douglas Hall presented this year one of the ever-enjoyable "Elmer" plays, entitled "Elmer and the Lovebug." Elmer was delightfully portrayed by Pat Sparling. Her singing of "Take Me Home Again, Kathleen," captured the hearts of the audience. Elizabeth Ann Beaton, as Susan, played her part with charm and realism. The rest of the cast were also excellent; the beautiful twins, the laugh-provoking Fanny Bell and the handsome boyfriends, Hubert and Luke.

The play was well directed by Mrs. Little and Mrs. Smith, and Joan Roberts, the house prefect. The costuming and makeup, especially Hubert's sunburn and Fanny Ball's "cocoa-covering," and the stage setting were very good. On the whole, "Elmer and the Lovebug" was extremely well done, and pleased the audience immeasurably.

DAPHNE WHITE.



GARRY

"Snakes and Ladders"

CAST

Mrs. Dean	Cara Joy Hughes
Mr. Dean	Carole Wallick
Gladys Dean	Donna Smale
Harry Dean	Marjorie Lush
Mrs. Cagney	Catherine Harris
Lorna Dean	Betty Ann Runner

* * *

The play chosen by Garry House was "Snakes and Ladders." This was the story of a poor English family who suddenly come into possession of a large sum of money.

The play was well acted and the dialogue was especially well done. The stage setting was very simple, but effective. The contrast of the simple family home and the very extravagant Mrs. Cagney was extremely well carried out.

The play, though simple, was a difficult play to act. However, the parts were all well acted and it definitely deserved the second place it won.

RIVERBEND WINS

Riverbend basketball teams journeyed to Kenora by bus Saturday morning, March 6, with everyone in high spirits, to play the second game with the girls of Kenora High.

The junior game began at one-thirty and proved to be very fast and exciting. Clem McNern made spectacular shots throughout the game. Both teams had excellent passing. The final score was Riverbend 21, Kenora 11.

The senior game was also a fine display of sportsmanship and the game was surprisingly close. One of Riverbend's senior players was slightly injured in the last quarter, but Riverbend still came through with a score of 14 to Kenora's 13. Pat Sparling played her usual good game, accounting for Riverbend's winning basket in the last five seconds of play.

Junior: Cara Joy Hughes, Helen Grant, Elizabeth A. Beaton, Clem McNern, Claire Tribble, Nancy Smith, Donna Young, Barbara Drybrough and Joan Mitchell.

Seniorss Paddy Lou Sparling, Elaine McInnes, June Baker, Lorna McCarthy, Diane Armstrong, Annie Lou Ormiston, Joss Robb, Lois Huggard, Carolyn Dowler, Joan Smale, Betty Ann Brookings and Marjorie Baker.



GARRY

Mrs. A. Price, 124 Walnut St.	36 636
Mrs. W. H. McEwen, 29 Rothsay Apts.	74 522
Miss E. Arnold, 71 Langside	71 722
Shelagh Lawson (Prefect), 1030 McMillan Ave.	43 657
Cara Joy Hughes (Sec.), 108 Kingsway	42 689
Betty Brooking (Treas.), 822 Dorchester	46 182
Elaine McInnes (Sports Captain), 894 Wellington Cres.	403 700
Carol Ann Fields, 265 Kingsway	44 666
John Bracken, 81 Roslyn Rd.	41 044
Rosemary Kilgour, 134 Harrow St.	44 711
Gayle McLean, University of Manitoba	47 913
Elizabeth Stuart, Ravenscourt School.	
Patsy Smith, 471 Kingston Row.	
Arlene Colwell, 437 Oxford St.	402 017
Muriel Edmonds, Ft. Whyte, Man.	
Mavis Gossling, 49 Oak St.	402 128
Kathleen Hamilton, 1111 4th Ave., N.W., Moose Jaw, Sask.	
Susanne Chester, 585 River Ave.	49 651
Arleigh Hutchinson, 1384 West Ave. 32nd St., Vancouver, B.C.	
Joan Sheppard, 37 Kingsway	47 479

Delores Palmatier, 67 Oakwood Cres.	61 302
Lois MacDonald, 98 Niagara St.	401 601
Diane Calder, Box 482 R.R. 1, Winnipeg	502 577 ✓
Ann Stephenson, 148 Elm St.	402 519
Cecily Ann Gunn, Royal Oak Annex	44 049
Joyce Stovel, 212 Grenwell Blvd.	62 536
Patsy Ann Wright, 137 Montrose St.	401 717
Betty Ann Runner, Treherne, Man.	
Mildred Thomson, Pilot Mound, Man.	
Marjorie Lush, 171 Waverly St.	401 535
Carole Wallick, Ste. 7, "B" Lacorno Apts.	
Georgina Steele, 251 Brock St.	401 382
Catherine Harris, Carman, Man.	
Donna Smale, 137 Handsart Blvd.	62 273
Phyllis Huston, Miami, Man.	



NELSON

Miss G. E. Martin, Ste. 9 Muskoka Apts.	38 918
Mrs. R. Low, 250 Rutland St.	
Mrs. R. B. Sparling, 923 Byng Place	43 935
Catherine Anderson (Prefect), Melville, Sask.	
Daphne White (Sec.), 202 Hansart Blvd.	62 457
Jocelyn Robb (Sports Captain), 239 Ash St.	401 535

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Patsy Sigurdson, 78 Kingsway	42 448
Janet Bleeks, 810 Grosvenor	49 662
Daphne Burns, 82 Brock St.	403 104
Jane Park, Nestor Falls, Ont.	
Joan Mitchell, St. Andrew's, Man.	816-32
Muriel McCullagh, 379 Waterloo	492 005
Dorothy Jackson, 34 Frontenac Apts., Regina, Sask.	
Barbara Dryborough, 220 Grenfell Blvd.	61 342
Claire Tribble, Herb Lake, Man.	
June Baker, 242 Semple Ave.	51 783
Ina Grain, Ste. 4, Lorne Apts., Regina, Sask.	
Carolyn Dowler, 127 Handsart Blvd.	62 039
Peggy Ann Truscott, 839 McMillan	41 901
Tamara Markell, 112 Robinson St.	46 954
Monica Brown, 291 Cordova St.	402 680
Diana Sheppard, 37 Kingsway	47 479

*

DOUGLAS

Mrs. H. Little, 72 Langside	71 722
Mrs. J. Reid, 72 Langside	71 722
Mrs. E. Smith, 599 Bannatyne	26 210
Joan Roberts (Prefect), Box 7, Calgary, Alta.	
Nancy Smith (Sec.), 100 Waterloo	402 671
Lois Huggard (Sports Captain), 114 Girton Blvd.	61 168
Frances Abbott (Treas.), 127 Grenfell Blvd.	61 579
Fred Arnaud, 456 Ash St.	401 049
Joyce Belloff, 67 Riverside Dr.	42 519
Larry Haffner, 215 Montrose St.	402 453
Sandra Jean Service, 111 Ruyal St.	49 385
Elaine Kossek, 139 Furby St.	72 610
Gertrude Shanks, 105 Academy Rd.	46 602
Nancy Bathgate, 69 Middlegate	74 121
Dana Leigh Hopson, 39 Royal Crest Apts.	41 838
Sally Trueman, University of Manitoba	44 951
Carol McAulay, 1125 Wellington Cres.	402 901
Eve Riley, 33 Middlegate	31 280
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 ✓ Betty Mae Ormiston, Box 59, R.R. 5,
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 Mary Hope McInnes, 211 Oak St. 403 809
 Anne Fox, 525 Manchester Blvd. 41 689
 Pat Riley, 104 Grenfell Blvd. 62 818
 Pat Chisholm, Ste. 6 'A' Assiniboine Crt. 99 685
 Audrey Hamberg, Miami, Man.
 Betty Carr, 368 Oak St. 402 402
 Roberta Scrase, Dauphin, Man.
 Donna Young, 222 Handsart Blvd. 62 485
 Elizabeth Ann Beaton, 302 Montrose 402 707
 Maurine Nord, 322 11th St., Brandon.
 Pat Sparling, Box 346, Flin Flon, Man.
 Beth Coulter, Russell, Man.
 Margaret Nasselquist, Flin Flon, Man.

*

YORK

Miss I. Dickson, 191 Home St. 33 019
 Miss M. Shepley, 43 Kingsway 45 684
 Lorna McCarthy (Prefect), 156 Ash St. 402 294
 Diane Armstrong (Sec.), 232 Oak St. 404 170
 Linda Wright (Treas.), 188 Montrose 401 427
 Margery Baker (Sports Captain), 154
 Oxford St. 401 472
 Eleanor Spence, 1, "B" Wellington Apts. 46 907
 Dexter Boyd, 114 Lyndale Dr., Norwood 204 160
 Michael Schoales, 121 5th Ave., St. Vital 202 777
 Claudia McRae, 96 East Gate.
 Betty Huston, Miami, Man.
 Donna Wilson, 1003 Valour Rd. 33 489
 Elizabeth Walton, 28 Middlegate 34 443
 Barbara Ann Harris, 125 Handsart Blvd. 61 072
 Onalee Rudd, 565 Cambridge 403 306
 Joanne Meyer, 117 Girton Blvd. 61 054
 Elizabeth Hamilton, 82 Langside 31 381
 Judy Jenkins, 206 Handsart Blvd. 62 577
 Carol Feinstein, 388 Montrose St. 404 106
 Dulcie Ann Thomson, 919 Mulvey Ave. 46 392
 Gail Macdonald, 121 Yale Ave. 44 232
 Barbara Parliament, 112 Harvard 44 195
 Helen Grant, St. Adolphe, Man.
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 ✓ Clementine McNern, 880 Wellington
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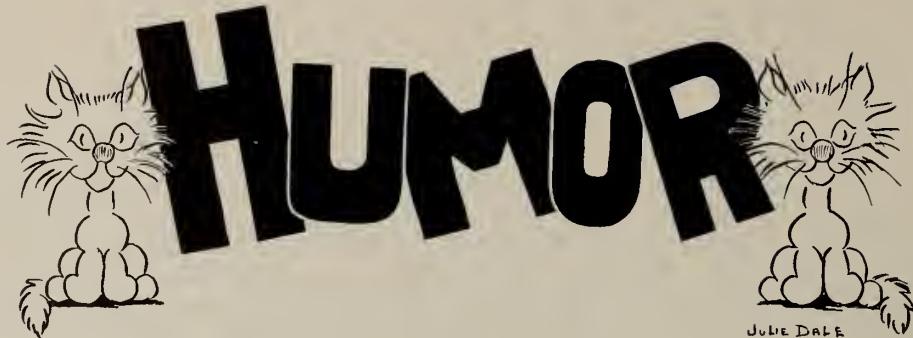
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RIVERBEND SCH



L 1947-1948



HUMOR

JULIE DALE

Marjory L.—during Biology class: "Oh Miss Shepley, this frog is dead!"
 "How do you know?"
 "It just croaked!"

* * *

Claire wanted a change, so she parted her hair on the other side!

* * *

Lois—"What are you doing to-night?"
 Betty Ann—"I'm going to the show."
 Lois—"Yes, I have to study too."

* * *

"How old are you, little girl?" asked the bus driver.

"If you don't mind," Arleigh replied, "I'll pay full fare and keep the statistics to myself!"

* * *

Elizabeth (plaintively)—"Why do I have to have my face so clean all the time? The wind blows my hair across it anyhow."

* * *

Miss Dickson—"To-morrow we will take the life of Shakespeare. Come prepared."

* * *

Parents—the hardships of a minor's life.

* * *

Theme song for misunderstood adolescents:
 "How drear to my heart are the scenes with my parents!"

* * *

Think of ease, but work on.

Lamentation of the boarders:
 "We are but the sorriest slaves of our stomachs.
 Reach not after knowledge and wisdom, my friends;
 But watch vigilantly your stomach,
 And diet it with care and judgment."

—With apologies to—Three Men in a Boat.

* * *

Catherine returns to school after supposedly having left for Boarders' Weekend. Pat meets her at the door. (Sympathetically)—"Did you miss your train, Cathy?"

"No, I didn't like its looks, so I chased it out of the station."

* * *

Miss Martin—"Does this book belong to you?
 The name is obliterated."

Pat—"No, mam, my name is Riley."

* * *

Druggist—"Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?"

Mary Hope McGinnis—"No! I sat up all night and didn't hit a single one!"

* * *

Motor Cop (producing notebook)—"What is your name?"

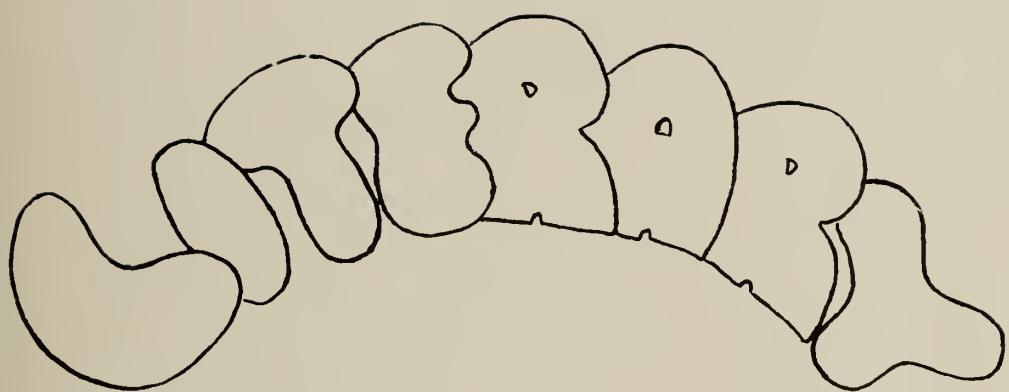
Speeder—"Aloysius Alistana Cholmondaley Cypeah."

Motor Cop (putting book away)—"Yes, well don't let me catch you again."

And then Arma slowly drove away.

* * *

Oh cake!
 How sad you look,
 How dark is thy complexion.
 Could this have been the Home Ec. cook's
 Perfection?



SUSIE

Susie is so straight and neat,
Even though she has no feet.
She never laughs, she never talks,
In fact she never even walks.
She is so very, very fine,
She is a dress-maker form of mine.

WINTER GOODBYE

Winter good-bye,
Winter good-bye,
Gone is the ice and snow,
Flow'r's soon will start to grow,
Winter good-bye,
Winter good-bye.

ONALEE RUDD, Gr. IV,
York Hall.



CHRISTMAS IN BRITISH GUIANA

I came from British Guiana, in South America. I lived there with my mother, father and sister Virginia. I would like to tell you about Christmas there. The weather is very hot and sometimes rainy. The garden is all blooming with flowers. There are roses, gardenias, hibiscus and lilies. We wear thin clothes to keep cool. My sister and I hang up our stockings for Santa Claus to fill. He comes to British Guiana, too. We have turkey for our dinner as you do. We have a Christmas tree like yours and we paint it silver. I enjoyed Christmas in Winnipeg this year for I liked playing in the snow.

ELIZABETH ECHOLS, Gr. III,
Nelson House.



One upon a time, on a dark, storm night, there were two old maids driving a rickety model T down a dumpy country road. To their dismay the car broke down, so they got out and went to find a place to sleep for the night. They came upon a huge vine-covered mansion and the bolder of the two knocked at the door. After a few moments the door opened with a loud creak and there stood a bent old man with a long white beard and sunken eyes. The candle he was holding gave off an eerie light that made the old ladies shiver with fright. He invited them in and told them he had two rooms up in an old tower. They accepted his invitation and followed him slowly up a squeaky, winding stairway. He opened the door to a small room and the bolder of the two ladies stepped in and closed the door quickly behind her. The old man led the other old lady up another flight of stairs and opened the door of another room for her. She went in and he closed the door and took the candle downstairs with him. The old lady looked around the room. It was dark and she could see nothing but a long, low box at the end of the dim room. As she approached the box she discovered that it was a coffin! She backed up and,

to her horror, it seemed to follow her; She moved faster, and it followed faster. She reached the door, tried it, but it was locked! She was terrified because the coffin kept getting closer and closer! So she reached into her purse and pulled out her Smith Brothers' Cough Drops and that stopped the coffin!

BARBARA DRYBROUGH, Gr. IX.
Nelson House.



"SQUEAK, SQUEAK"

Neddy had just bought a new pair of shoes and was trying them on for the first time. He put them on and started downstairs.

"Squeak, squeak! My, how those stairs creaked. Well, there was only one way to fix that. Neddy got a hammer and some nails and fixed the step. Then he tried them.

"Squeak, squeak!"

Neddy fixed the second step and tried them again.

"Squeak, squeak!" Very exasperated, Neddy took all the stairs down and built in new ones that wouldn't squeak.

Now he tried these.

"Squeak, squeak!" Neddy flung himself on the floor and pounded it with his fists. Then his mother came in and asked him what was the matter. After he had told her, she took off one of his shoes and bent in it the middle.

"Squeak, squeak!"

GAY YOUNGSON, Gr. VI,
Douglas House.



VICTUS

Deep in the Latin that smothers me,
I'm cramming translations from cover
to cover,
And I thank whatever gods there be
For helpful hints from my big brother.

But woe is me, I began too late;
I tried the Latin, I cried aloud
Because of the sadness of my fate;
I failed again, my head is bow'd.

Beyond this plain of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of my report;
O'er my poor head, the family jeers;
I feel that je suis going to mort.

It matters not how hard the test,
How tough that grim September sup;
Latin's not master of my fate,
I'm going to quit! I've given up!

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MY VERY FIRST PIMPLE
My very first pimple
Was right on my nose;
Now suppose I was twenty,
No one would propose.

My pimple was red
With a dot on the top,
And at very first sight
It made the clock stop.

Now I am twenty
And nobody knows,
How worried I was
About my poor nose!

JOANE MEYERS, Gr. VI,
York House.



MY KITTY

I have a little kitty.
Her fur is black and white.
I think she looks so pretty
Sitting in the light.

MEIN KATZCHEN

Ich habt ein kleines Katzchen.
I sein Pelz ist schwarg und weisz.
Ich denke, dass es hubsch aussieht
Im Licht des Fevers heisz.

BARBARA ANNE HARRIS, Gr. IV,
York Hall.



ROSIE RABBIT

Once there was a little rabbit named Rosie. Now Rosie was a bad rabbit and her brothers and sisters were good rabbits. Once they were going for a walk in the woods. Rosie's mother told all the rabbits to stay with her, but Rosie wandered off by herself. Pretty soon some wolves saw her and they caught her. They were just going to put her into the pot when her brothers and sisters came and rescued her. You may be very sure that now she stays with her mother when walking in the woods.

GAYLE McLEAN, Gr. III,
Garry House.



LEO THE LION

Leo was born in the jungle. He had a twin brother whose name was Linn. Leo had nice golden hair, a beautiful mane, and he just couldn't help liking it.

One day Leo and Linn were walking in the jungle. They got separated somehow and they couldn't find each other. Leo got home but his brother didn't. He told his mother that Linn was lost. Leo and his mother and father looked and looked for him, but they couldn't find him.

Soon they gave up hope of ever seeing him again.

When Leo was older he became King of the Jungle. He had to go to many wars to fight another jungle. He became known as a great fighter.

One day Leo decided to make peace because he was sick of all these wars. He sent a messenger to the other jungle to bring back the king. The messenger brought back the king. Leo tried to settle with him to make peace. Suddenly Leo looked more carefully at the other king and he leapt for joy! It was his own brother! He held a great feast and there was much rejoicing. So Leo and Linn lived happily ever after, and kept peace in the jungle.

SALLY TRUEMAN, Gr. IV,
Douglas Hall.



FATHER SAYS "GET UP"

"Time to get up!" my father calls.
I mumble, "Yes, Daddy," and then he bawls,
"Janet, get out of bed before eight,
Or else today you will be late."

From under warm covers I try to rise
And quickly crawl back when, to my surprise,
The room is cold and it's black as night.
Daddy's clock must be wrong! It couldn't
be right!

I'm up at last and flying I go
From bath to breakfast. Now I'm not slow.
The bell, prayers, Miss Carter I think I hear,
"Janet, you're late! Two house points I fear!"

But again I'm on time and a vow I make;
Early to bed and up at daybreak.
I may never be wealthy or even wise,
But at least I'll be healthy and not otherwise.

DR. C. BLEEKS.



MY ADVENTURE AS A DOLLAR BILL

A dollar bill travels a great deal. It sometimes causes a lot of trouble.

But first, let me introduce myself before going on with my story. As you may have guessed, I am a dollar bill, a rather new dollar bill that hasn't been used much. My serial number, as they call it, is XY-2368925417. Now to get on with my story.

Well, first of all I was part of a tree, just an ordinary tree, planning my future. But I didn't have long to plan, for, one day, husky woodsmen, with saws and axes, came into the forest and began cutting down the trees. The

logs were floated down the river to the saw mill where the bigger logs were cut into lumber, while the smaller ones were mashed into paper pulp. We were then sent to another mill, there made into paper and then sent to a government mint, where I became a dollar bill. We were all sent to different banks, where I lay in a vault with many others.

One day a nice looking man came into the bank to draw out a check for a hundred dollars. Many of my brothers and I were given to the man, who put us into his wallet. When he went into a drug store I was exchanged for packages of cigarettes.

I was not long in my new home, for that night just before closing, two rough looking men came in, held up and killed the druggist. They escaped with some fifty dollars from the till, two thousand from the safe in the office, and some chemicals.

The next day all over town signs of the two men, clever, escaped convicts, were posted—wanted for murder, robbery and also for counterfeiting, but their hideout had never been found. I was taken there, and how I wished I could have told the police, because in their hideout there was a big printing press for printing money, and men were making twenties, fives, tens, twos and one dollar bills just like me.

A week later one of the men went out to a dirty little poolroom in a poor section of the city and there I was left. This poolroom, which was frequently inhabited by underworld characters, was where a lot of gambling and drinking took place.

Well, one day there was a gambling party in one of the back rooms. One of the men, Joe, a poor fellow, who didn't want to gamble, but was forced to, owed quite a large debt to another man, and I, with other bills, helped to pay off the debt. The receiver of the money accused Joe of passing counterfeit money. This wasn't true, and then there was a fight between the two men, which resulted in their retirement to bed for six weeks.

After this fight I was given to another man, a kind man who put me in a trust account. There I am lying now.

I sometimes wonder if the counterfeiters were ever caught. I hope they were, for I was furious with them for killing my friend the druggist. I also wonder if Joe's broken arm really became better. What happened to them I do not know, for I never heard of them again. As I said before, money sometimes causes evil and I wonder what will happen to me next, in my, as yet, young life.

DOROTHY J. JACKSON, Gr. IX,
Nelson Hall.

LANDING A FISH

An unexpected jerk on my bamboo fishing rod suddenly interrupted my pensive mood which had been brought on by the lulling movement of the boat, combined with the drowsy, penetrating heat of the sun. Because I had not been holding the reel securely, it began to whirl unconstrainedly and my line dwindled rapidly. Visions of losing the fish, rod and reel (not to mention father's precious spinner!) flashed vividly across my mind as I began to reel in the fish which, according to my disordered calculations, must be at least a small whale. After winding for what seemed an eternity, the victim I had on the end of my line gave an impudent splash which successfully succeeded in drenching the curious occupants of the boat who leaned far out over the side.

"Get the landing net," I commanded in my best fisherman's tone. For a second everyone's attention was diverted from the struggling fish. A disheartening verdict soon reached my ears. We'd forgotten the net! Prompted by my own intellect, or perhaps by the extra flip on the part of the tiring fish, I swung the pole sideways with a warning shout, "Look out!" The fish flew out of the water suspended only by the flashing hook; missing someone's head by inches, it landed with a thud on the bottom of the near-tipping boat.

"Step on it! Don't let it get away!" I pleaded. As the nearest person had bare feet and was already perched safely on the seat, the poor fish was allowed useless liberty. Finally it lay still. Proud as I was I couldn't help noticing that it seemed a trifle smaller than I had expected; or was I just imagining it?

CATHERINE ANDERSON, Gr. XI,
Nelson Hall.



JUST IMAGINE—2000 A.D.

I have just returned in a time space ship from the exciting time-saving year of 2000 A.D., to this drab practical year of 1948.

I am going to tell you what you have been missing by not living in that age.

If you lived in the year 2000 you would get up in the morning and eat your breakfast of food pills, very much like jelly beans. This is really the same as the food you now eat; the only difference is that this food is dehydrated. For instance, a yellow pill would represent grapefruit.

After this delicious (?) meal you would set out for school. You would arrive there in a helicopter. Arriving there something very original would greet you—a patient, carefree teacher would hand a knowledge pill to you. These are round pills with a delicious flavor. They satisfy the palate in different ways, depending on your particular taste. Don't you think you'd like

this? When you have digested your knowledge, off to play you go.

You can play at anything your heart desires. There are all sorts of toys, books, games, and a hundred other things to make any big or little heart skip a beat.

I usually spent my time visiting Mars. You need not be so astonished; my best friends live there! I hop into my helicopter and in less than an hour I am on Mars. There really is no difference between Mars and our world. The "Martians" are a very hospitable people. Whenever you visit there they are only too glad to show you the sights and give you a rollicksome time.

After a jovial afternoon in Mars I say farewell, thank my friends, get into my helicopter and ride home. I get home just in time for my dehydrated supper. After supper I go contentedly and peaceably to bed.

In case you do not believe what I have told you and are curious, drop over any time, will you, to "The Year 2000 A.D."

TAMARA MARKELL, Gr. IX,
Nelson Hall



THE GROCERY STORE

The grocery store was tiny and bustling with shoppers, impatient to buy their groceries and be off. The manager, a short, chubby man with a bald spot on his head which was surrounded by a closely creped hedge of black hair, stood with his back to the customers as he checked the prices of the articles on the shelves.

It was at the time of rationing and the young clerk tapped his fingers nervously on the counter as he watched the familiar old woman approach with her second pound of butter that day.

"Very good day, is it not?" she asked in her broken English, as she shoved the other groceries toward the clerk.

"Yes, it's a lovely day," answered the grocer. The little fat man was looking at pepper. and he coughed.

"You haf goot collection of food here," as she pushed forward a can of beans.

"I'm glad you like our stock," he returned as he waited for the little cough which came presently.

"Could I haf a loaf of bread to put this butter on?" she queried. The butter was handed across the counter. The clerk hesitated an instant. Then came the third little cough.

"Why of course you may," he replied smilingly as he wrapped the butter with the other groceries and helped her out the door.

JOAN ROBERTS, Gr. XI,
Douglas House.

THE LAST MILE

Everyone at one time or another has walked the last mile. In fact it is walked by hundreds every year. To young children it is a happy event in their life. But to teen-agers nothing worse could happen to them.

Parents, even though they believe they are doing the right thing for their children, bring on this horrible thing. Ah-ah-ah, mustn't deny it; you know you do. You even enlist the aid of the government to do so. In fact there is even a law to bring this thing into the lives of all boys and girls

While travelling the road of the last mile you walk slowly as if each step is an effort. and indeed to some it is. Sympathetic bystanders, most of them of your own age, make suitable remarks. They know how you feel, because some of them have already travelled the same road, and this year others are journeying with you. The road seems dull and menacing, even though it is a glorious fall day, and many other people are around watching, trying to cheer the condemned.

As the blocks crawl by and the place comes closer you begin to see more girls dressed as you are, in grey. Yes, they are bound for the same place.

Finally the buildings loom up in front of you. The bell rings and you begin to hurry 'cause you really shouldn't be late on the first day of school.

DONNA SMALE, Gr. XI,
Garry Hall.



THE WOVEN DOG

One day a beautiful rug was sent to the home of a little girl. In the centre of the rug was a beautiful woven dog. The little girl loved to lie on the rug and make up stories about the woven dog. One day when it was very cold out she was about to throw the rug into the fire to keep the woven dog warm, when her mother came in and caught her just in time. It was the little girl who got the warming instead of the woven dog.

CAROLYN DYSON, Gr. VII,
Nelson Hall.



SPRING

Oh, beautiful spring is here at last;
Quickly the snow has melted away,
And now we see a patch of grass,
While showers water the flowers of May.

Naughty puppy dogs scamper and bark;
Awakening the little one in their beds.
At dawn is heard the song of the lark,
While crocuses nod their pretty heads.

CECILY ANN GUNN, Gr. IX.
Garry Hall.

THE PENALTY

The music pounded in her ears. The roar of the sea was as a thousand drums at her forehead; the girl waited tensely for the noise to stop. Instead it grew in momentum, forcing out every other bit of sound, leaving her weak and spent. Somewhere a shutter clattered against the stone wall, and a night hawk screeched in his eerie flight into the darkness.

Slowly, her sense of reality returned and everything became calm again. Only the beating of her heart disturbed the stillness. Its gentle, insistent thud-thud, thud-thud, reminded her that she was alone. The window, with its curtain billowing into the room, framed the cold, soothing moonlight, sparkling on the rippling water.

Taking a deep breath, she crossed the room to it in one swift stride, hoping to absorb some of the peacefulness of the scene. Her hands on the window ledge, she leaned over and looked down. What she saw made her unable to move; her body was racked with a chill. There in the courtyard below, calmly waiting beside this empty house, was a man, with his collar turned up against the sudden breeze and his hat brim flipped low over his eyes. Something gleamed like silver in his half-raised hand.

She hadn't been able to escape after all.

NANCY J. MERRILL, Gr. XII,
York Hall.



TERRORS OF THE NIGHT

The night and its profound blackness held untold horrors for her as she stood terrified in the wake of huge forest trees. In the clear air the slightest sound could be heard and the huddled figure of the girl was tense and alert. Her eyes probed the darkness for images she could not see and as if for protection from some startling apparition, she clung almost possessively to the bark of her only refuge.

A twig snapped.

Cold chills of fear raced down her spine and beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Something in the dark was coming toward her. Out of the night an owl hooted. At the sound, a cry of fear which resounded in her ears like a glass breaking on a stone floor burst from her throat. She drew in her breath sharply as the leafy underbrush near her rustled faintly, while her overwrought imagination conjured hideous fantasies that lurked in and about the towering timbers.

If only her tense nerves would relax; if only she could sink into a world of oblivion, free from this cold fear. Another twig snapped loudly in the silence.

"Run! Run!" a trembling voice within her cried. She felt her legs move, she thought she

had begun to run, but soon to her horror she realized—she could not move at all!

In the space of a few seconds, terrifying thoughts raced through her brain; escape was blocked because she had become a victim to her own fear, overpowered by a force that knew no scruples. Her eyes and ears were continually strained for sight and sound. Blood pounded through her veins, so audible to her, that in her obsession she felt that the stealthily approaching figure in the endless black shadows could hear it too, and was waiting for an opportune moment to spring out of the darkness at her.

Suddenly a breath of warm air fanned her cheek and in the dark she could hear the sound of steady breathing. Then something touched her arm. With a strangled sob she wrenched herself free to run wildly through the tangled underbrush. Branches scratched her face and clung to her hair and clothing like sinewy hands in the darkness. She longed to cry out but exhaustion and overwhelming terror would not let her.

She tripped over a log and scrambled wildly to her feet, losing a shoe in her haste. Jagged twigs and pointed stones sent sharp pains shooting through her leg. She bit her lips and choked down the agonizing sobs that wracked her body. Plunging through the forest, she resembled a frightened hare pursued by a vicious hound, and then she suddenly stopped abruptly. There before her in the blackness, she saw something that turned her icy cold.

Her hands flew to her eyes to close out the sight. She heard her scream break the stillness of the night before her body relaxed and the longed-for solace of oblivion enveloped her, dragging her down and down into a bottomless pit of swirling figures, frightening visages, and then—forgetfulness!

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"This program has been brought to you under the auspices of the Canadian Broadcasting Company."

"This is CKY, Winnipeg."

JUNE BAKER, Gr. XI,
Nelson Hall.



MIDNIGHT

Midnight is a frightful hour, as you probably know. No sooner does the clock strike twelve than the house begins to creak. You become frightened. The stories of ghosts and goblins flash through your mind. Suddenly you stop thinking of ghosts. You sit up shivering in your bed. Who is in the closet, or is someone on the stairs? You fly back under the covers and shake

as if you had the world's worst cold. A big bang echoes through the house. It's only the furnace, but, of course, you don't know that! You just jump an inch off of your bed. Your hair by this time is on end. Again the clock strikes. It is twelve-thirty. The furnace lets out another and final bang. You jump another and final inch. The house settles down, for its morning sleep. Your weak, wavering voice calls out, "Mother?" She comes, and you are satisfied.

LOIS MACDONALD, Gr. VIII,
Garry House.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

CAROLE WALICK, Grade X, Riverbend School.

I open the door to the sickening smell of gas. I can feel the sweet smelling vapor rush up my nostrils. My heart begins to pound. Who is trying to kill me? Who is trying to take the life of a poor innocent child? But then, this isn't a murder story—exactly. This is life in the lab.

Experiment two, the paper states, on the effect of pressure on the boiling point. Ah, think I! I am going to make a great discovery. The Einstein in me comes to life. Quickly I scan the instructions while my partner slips quietly to the cupboard and secures the necessary equipment. At last we are ready to start! I speak softly to my partner and her cool, calm reply echoes back, "Burner-burner, supports-supports, boiler-boiler, rubber tubes-rubber tubes." The great moment has arrived. All is ready. We sit tense and silent, watching for the formation of tiny vapor bubbles. The mercury in the thermometer mounts—quickly, silently and steadily. What unknown force is pushing, pushing that mercury up the thin, narrow tube? The column of flame under the boiler burns on. The bubbles of vapor get bigger and bigger. They surge through the liquid with terrifying speed. Bigger, faster and faster; The mercury reached one hundred. Steam pours from the rubber tubes on either side of the boiler. My pulse keeps time with the bubbling liquid. Quickly I put the clamps on the rubber tubes. No steam escapes now. The vapor rises through the liquid—burst, rises, bursts, rises, bursts. The mercury goes up. Our eyes are fastened to that tiny, shiny, metallic substance that leads up and up. One hundred and one, one hundred and two, one hundred and three; a quarter, a half, three-quarters, one hundred and four! A strained tension fills the air. Nothing—but the incessant boiling of the liquid and the mounting mercury! Nothing can hold the power of that trembling, quivering liquid. The heat becomes unbearable—and the glass boiler expands. The glass boiler expands and the heat becomes hotter. A tiny crack. Then a shattering crash, and boiler, thermometer and rubber fly to the ceiling. Bub-

bling, boiling water covers the floor. Now broken apparatus floats on the quieting liquid. The thin, yellow flame of the burner creeps forth again like a frightened cat coming in from the rain.

I clean up the broken glass and try to recall my observations. All I can remember is the mounting mercury and the expanding glass—the expanding glass and the mounting mercury. Finally, I am finished. I leave the sweet smell of gas behind, the spark of Einstein gone forever with the five dollar lab. boiler!

Through this hectic hour I have gained one thing. I have written on a little slip of paper six words. Increase in pressure increases boiling point. But I have in my mind six other words. Increase in pressure explodes the experiment.



IN CLASS

The silence of the class room was broken. It was a study period without a teacher and until now it had been comparatively quiet.

"Who's done their Latin?" inquired Linda.

"I have!" announced Joss.

"So have I," added Cara Joy.

"Anybody want to hear any good jokes?" murmured Joan.

"No!" roared Linda, who was struggling through her Latin.

"Ross called me last night," declared Joss emphatically, "and we talked for twenty-five minutes!"

"Will you people please shut up?" cried Linda.

"My mom won't let me go out next weekend," submitted Liz, "I got into a big fight with her because I hadn't been making my bed."

"Who's going to Reid's," Donna bellowed.

"I guess I will," debated Marg.

"I got a letter from Bob yesterday," sighed Maureen.

"Kelly hasn't written me for a week," whined Joan, "Just wait until he does, boy, I won't answer him for a month."

"Will you kids please calm down," pleaded Linda.

"Aw, you're making more noise than we are," retorted Liz Anne.

"Anybody seen my geometry book?" screeched Liz. "Cara, I bet you have it, look and see."

"Oops so I have!" admitted Cara.

Suddenly the four o'clock bell rang and the class room was immediately empty save for Linda, who sat in her corner trying to finish her Latin.

MARJORIE LUSH, Gr. X,
Garry House.

DICK'S PLAN

WAS there a solution to this problem? Would he be able to secure the needed funds? How? These questions had been on Dick's mind for weeks. He was not easily discouraged yet things didn't seem to be on his side. So far he had not had a break. As he walked through the poorer district of the city and noticed the conditions around him, he resolved to try harder than ever. He stopped, bought a paper, and sat down on a doorstep to read. Glancing through the paper he saw that Mr. Lloyd Flint had recently returned from a tour of England and was staying at the Empress Hotel. "He has more money than he'll ever use or need . . . it's a pity . . . why that's my chance, that's what I want!" The next minute Dick was hurrying rapidly through the streets to find out all he could about Mr. Flint.

Mr. Flint had grown hard as he had grown wealthy. Once he had been poor . . . he knew what it was to be hungry, cold, and feel that the world was against him. He had hit it pretty hard and now that he was rich he seemed to forget how he once had felt. He now looked down on the poor people.

Dick swallowed a lump in his throat, sent a silent prayer to his God and knocked on Room 813 in the Empress Hotel. The door opened, "Yes, sir."

"I wish to see Mr. Lloyd Flint if I may." All Dick heard was a few mumbled words and a harsh voice saying, "I have nothing to do today; you may as well let him in. Maybe he can amuse me."

Amuse him! Dick's face reddened but he recovered his composure and before he knew what was happening he was before Mr. Flint. "Nice weather we are having," stammered Dick.

"What's nice about a blizzard? To the point lad, what is it? Sit down, and tell me what you want!"

Dick seated himself, looked at the man in the large wine armchair before him, and with a steady and convincing voice told his mission. He had been talking, it seemed to him, a mighty long time. Why didn't Mr. Flint speak? Was he even listening?" "Sir, will you consider taking a trip to Algonquin Park with me and then we shall be able to discuss this project further?"

"No, it will be a waste of time. Besides I shall gain nothing."

"Sir, you can not appreciate what you don't know about. Please consider taking a canoe trip in Algonquin Park with me."

"We shall see. Good-day to you Dick. I may phone you later. Show him to the door Hobbs."

"Yes, sir." Out in the hall Hobbs spoke, "I'm for you Dick, and I shall see if I can help get the mawster on your side. I heard your pro-

posal that he found a camp for underprivileged children, and son I admire you, and wish you good luck."

"Thank you, Hobbs, and good-bye."

Once again out in the street Dick headed towards his favourite section of town. The youngsters were having great fun frolicking in the snow and Dick joined them. Supper time came and he returned home. Life went on as usual during the next week and Dick kept hoping to hear from Mr. Flint. Each time the phone rang his heart skipped a few beats. Had he failed? When would he know? Often-times he had lifted up the receiver to phone the man in question but thought better of it. At last, two weeks after the interview, Dick's dreams were to come true. Hobbs phoned and said that the "mawster" had consented to go on the trip and wished him to make all the plans. Dick fell on his knees and thanked the Lord for this opportunity, and then busied himself with preparations for the trip.

On July 2, Mr. Flint and Dick arrived at Canoe Lake. The next day, beneath a pale blue sky they set out on their trip. Mr. Flint was not physically old and he could easily handle the bow of a canoe. As they skimmed across the water Dick broke forth in jubilant song. The sun, reflected in the water, was dazzling. Every few minutes a fish jumped out of the water, and the pine trees along the shore greeted them as they passed by. The birch trees glittered like silver and the birds sang merrily while the squirrels and chipmunks flitted from tree to tree and chattered amongst themselves. There was beauty everywhere but Mr. Flint seemed lost to it all. During the day Dick spoke of the beautiful surroundings and looked on them with great joy but his companion hardly ever smiled or at all seemed to appreciate the bewitching scenes he could see if he only opened his eyes. This evening, tired after their first days paddling, both trippers fell asleep early under a starlit sky. Each day seemed to brighten Mr. Flint more and more. He and Dick sang, paddled, and portaged merrily along together. He was enjoying himself but whenever the slightest hint about a camp was made Mr. Flint grew moody or passed it over by immediately changing the subject. Dick learned one thing about Mr. Flint that was to help him later. Whenever attention was directed at him he was fine but otherwise he was like a very spoiled child. His money had become more important to him than anyone or anything else and he was afraid to spend it. He therefore loved nothing except himself and his money. He was also very unhappy because he had no real friends.

Firelight is very enchanting and does things to one. One evening at twilight, when the

trippers had cleared away all signs of supper and were sitting on a cedar log gazing into the fire, the elder spoke and gave his young companion a long and patiently waited for opening. "I wish I'd had a chance to go out camping like this when I was a boy."

"I guess it is pity that boys can't all go to camp."

"Sir, I was lucky and had the chance. It was a few years ago and the director of a camp sent me an invitation to spend a few weeks at camp. We never could have afforded to send anyone to such a place because there were seven in our family. The camp was here in Algonquin. There were six in our cabin and we had a counsellor who was really wonderful to us. It was there, while at camp, that I learned the meaning of true friendship and fellowship. We went swimming, canoeing, ranging, hiking, and had a lot of fun. Some evenings we had a council ring and then we would gather around the fire and discuss a chosen topic. Those talks have proved valuable and I still cherish memories of campfires. The camp director was a marvellous man and knew each boy individually. The boys all respected him and were taught a great deal by the way he acted and by his attitude. There are so many children running around wild without proper guidance. They are all grand youngsters but they need help."

"I guess it is a pity that they can't all go to camp."

"Yes, a week at camp can do more than we imagine and I'd say it could change a child's life. Here amidst the wonders and beauties of Algonquin Park would be an ideal place. If only we could get some funds," said Dick hopefully. There was a pause and then.

"It's getting late, son."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Good night Dick."

Dick left the fire and his companion to curl up in his blanket roll. Mr. Flint sat by the fire and was still there when Dick fell asleep. The fire was going out, the embers shone and when Mr. Flint lifted his head he saw a moon and stars and three shades of blue peering at him and reflected in the water. It was too beautiful to be put into words.

When Dick awoke at sunrise the following morning he realized this was the last day of their trip. Tonight they would be back at Canoe Lake and tomorrow he would be saying good-bye to Mr. Flint.

Mr. Flint came over to where Dick lay and with a chuckle told him that he intended to found a camp for underprivileged children!!! Dick was speechless. Mr. Flint said, "Yes, it is true."

Two very happy friends paddled the blue waters that day. Dick's dreams had come true

and Mr. Flint had found something for which to care and live. He was dreaming of the camp and of the children who would enjoy it.

CLEM McNERN, Gr. IX,
York Hall, 1948.



LEARNING TO DRIVE

"Now," Father said, "it's time you learned to drive. There's nothing to it; it's the simplest thing in the world!"

This being said, he proceeded to explain the rather confusing instructions of gear-shifting. Finally, when I had it all straight, or thought I had, I slid in behind the wheel, and he beside me. We began on the open road, for trying to back down the two cement ribbons of our driveway was just like trying to keep on two pieces of string to me.

We started out with a roar for, as yet, I hadn't become accustomed to feeding the gas. If it hadn't been for some of Father's skilful manoeuvring we would have landed in the ditch first thing. Finally everything was under control and we started through town. I never stopped at one stop sign, for if I did I could never get started again.

Out on the highway I speeded up, but just then father's hat blew out of the window.

"Stop quick!" he yelled.

Fifty yards down the road we stopped. Giving me a black look, Father got out to retrieve his hat. Several minutes later he returned and we started all over again. We sailed along quite peacefully, until it was time to turn around. I drove into a small side road.

"Now, not too fast," cautioned Father.

I put my foot on the gas; we scarcely moved, and pressed harder. We shot on to the road like a bolt of lightning. Father was too surprised to say anything, but luck was with me; no car was coming. So I straightened out and we set out for home.

I could see by this time that Father was getting rattled. I didn't improve his condition any, for just outside of town we came upon a group of surveyors in the middle of the road. One was right in my path with his back to me

"Keep to the right and you will be all right," soothed Father. But without knowing what came over me, I steered right for the poor soul. He turned, and with a wild yell, leaped for the ditch. I knew by the look he gave me he was thinking, "These women drivers!"

But my poor father gave up my driving for a bad job. Why, I don't know. There's nothing to it!

CAROLYN ELLIOTT, Gr. XI,
York Hall.

A FORGOTTEN ATTIC

A candle clutched firmly in my hand, I laboriously wiggled myself through the narrow opening into the musty attic. The flames from the candle flicked along the darkened walls and chased out the shadows so that I could see more clearly the fascinating contents of the dingy room. In the far end stood a large ornamented trunk covered by a blanket of dust. On the floor beside it sprawled a tattered old rag doll, woollen hair awry and eyes wide with helplessness. I held the candle higher. Laced along the low rafters, cowwebs of intricate design hung undisturbed while below them a dust-woven carpet lay in a heap on the floor. In a far corner an old phonograph player, minus its doors, leaned drunkenly against the wall. A hill of books toppled over, sending pages scattering across the floor and accidentally brushed the uneven pile in the dim light. An old brass cuspidor, dented and tarnished, stood in the middle of the floor and a pair of paint-bespattered overalls dangled over its side, while in front of the small garret window a broken wicker chair told many tales of fervent rockings. To me the whole room was an ideal hideout for old forgotten treasures and lasting memories.

JUNE BAKER, Gr. XI,
Nelson Hall.



LES TROIS VIEILLES FILLES

Un beau jour Trois Vieilles Filles se lèvent de bonne heure. Elles s'habillent et descendent l'escalier pour entrer dans la salle à manger. Alors elles préparent leur petit déjeuner. Les Trois Vieilles demeurent dans une grande maison au bord de la rivière "Assiniboine." La maison aussi est près de la forêt.

Ce matin elles font le gruau et le trouvant très chaud, elles décident de faire une promenade dans la forêt. Pendant le temps qu'elles sont dans la forêt un vagabond entre dans leur maison pour voir s'il peut trouver quelquechose à manager. Il jette un coup d'oeil au tour de la maison et trouvant le gruau sur la table, il le goûte. Il le trouve très bon, et il mange tout le gruau.

Quand il finit, il monte l'escalier et il voit un grand lit. Il se couche immédiatement et bientôt il dort. Ensuite "Les Trois Vieilles Fillet" retournent à la maison et elles sont frappées de terreur de trouver quelqu'un dans leur maison. Elles montent vite l'escalier et une Vieille Fille court dans sa chambre à coucher et y voyant le vagabond, elle ferme la porte et dit, "Au revoir, mademoiselles."

La Fin.
CECILY ANN GUNN, Gr. IX,
Garry Hall.

J'AI UN ACCIDENT

J'ai un bateau et un jour je me promène en bateau. Il fait chaud et je fais un tour du lac dans mon bateau. Un bateau automobile paraît derrière mon petit bateau et tout à coup il frappe mon petit bateau. Je tombe dans l'eau mais le gens dans le bateau automobile ne me voient pas et ils ne s'arrêtent pas. J'ai peur et pleure faute d'aide. Enfin je nage à la plage. Je suis trempé jusqu'aux os. J'arrive à la maison une heure plus tard. À la maison je change mes vêtements et je me couche.

Le lendemain je suis très malade et je me lève tard. Après un petit déjeuner je vais ou médicin dans un taxi. J'arrive à la grande maison où demeure le médicin et je sonne. Une domestique ouvre la grande porte et me conduit à la salle d'attente. Après dix minutes la domestique entre dans la salle d'attente. Elle me dit que le médicin est prêt. Le médicin est un homme intelligent et me dit que j'ai une rhume. Je vais à la maison et je me couche. Je reste dans mon lit pendant dix jours.

...
DIANE JOHNSON, Gr. IX,
York Hall.



UN DRÔLE DE GARÇON

Jean est un petit garçon. Il est à la maison. Jean a un chien et un chat. Il aime le chien et le chat.

Jean court dans le salon. Il va derrière la porte. Le chien et le chat courrent dans le salon aussi.

Jean saute sur la table. La table tombe. La mère de Jean entre dans le salon. Jean dit, "Le chien et le chat sont méchants. Le chien et le chat font tomber la table." Jean est un drôle de garçon.

CARLA STEWART, Gr. VIII.



MON AMI

Mon ami est petit. Il est très intelligent. Les yeux de mon ami sont bruns. Mon ami est un chien. Ils'appelle Nicky. Je jette une balle. Le chien court après la balle. Il se retourne. Il a la balle à la gueule. "Donnez moi la balle, Nicky," Je dis. Il me donne la balle. "Vous êtes très intelligent mon ami," je dis.

ANN STEPHENSON, Gr. VIII.



LE CHIEN

Médor est un chien. Médor est noir. Il est très méchant. Il est le chien de Marie.

Marie a trois bonbons sur la table. Médor est sur la table aussi. "Lucie," dit Marie, "regardez mes bonbons." Où sont les bonbons de Marie? Dans Médor. Médor est très malade.

JUDY SPENCE, Gr. VI.

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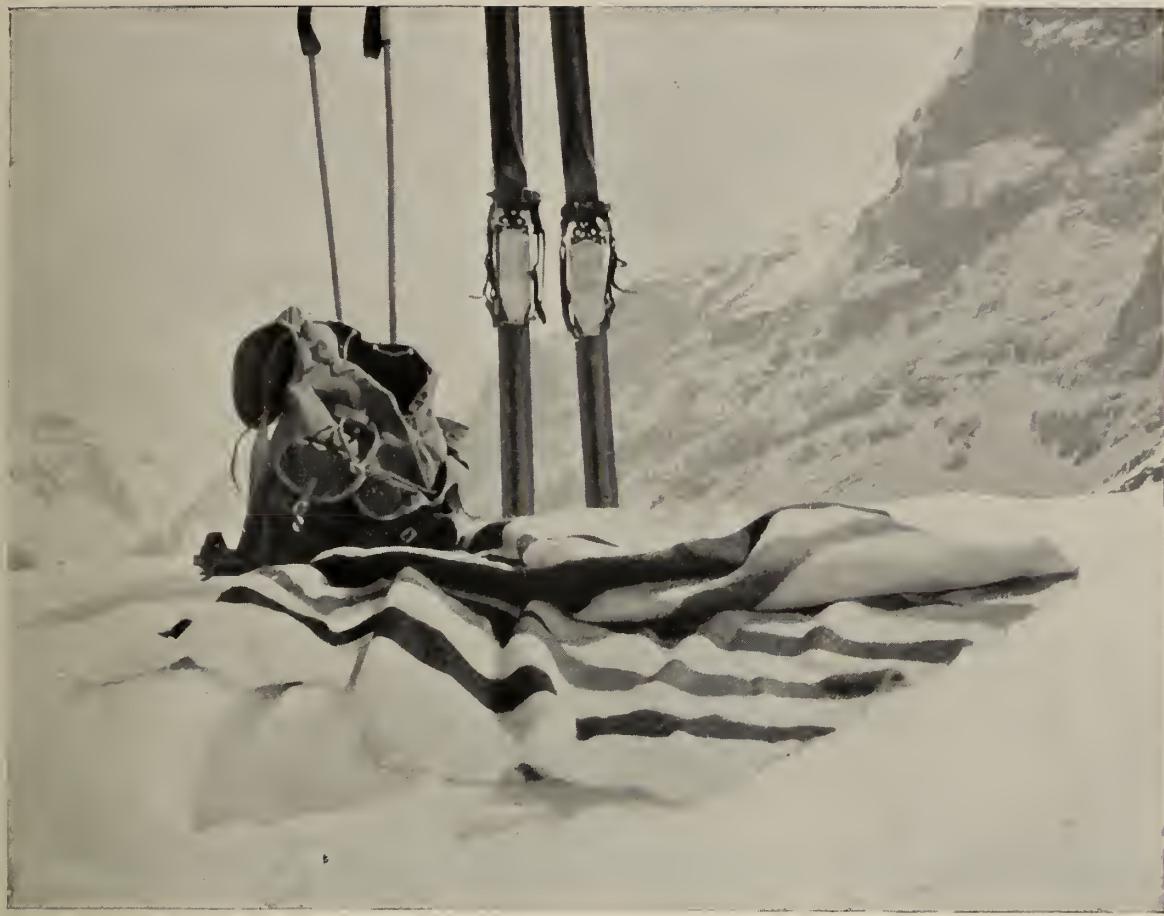
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